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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Concern of Criticism

DEMOCRACY, at least American democracy with its high average of literacy and its widely disseminated material comforts, has produced a society of a curiously contradictory nature. For the masses that constitute it are at once propulsive and passive. They are at the same time public opinion, and the prey of public opinion. No nation in the world is more equipped by the prevalence of education to form independent judgments; none is more subject to the tyranny of convention. The least reverential of individualists, the American is at the same time the most conforming. He may be adamant to the pretensions of caste, but he is wax to the dictum of the commonalty. He will render up his life for liberty, but he will render up his liberty rather than wear a soft collar if a stiff one be in fashion. His is the nation of fads, of Aimee Semple Macphersons, of catchwords that descend like a plague of locusts on speech from the Atlantic to the Pacific, of the throttle-hold of advertising on the preferences and tastes of the people.

In a country where public opinion is at once so cohesive and so assertive it is especially the function of literature to be critical. For literature, for all that it must reflect reality, sits above the battle, and gets a different perspective upon the conflict from that of its participants. Issues stand out as well as events, and the smoke that clouds the immediate scene is eventually dissipated in the distant prospect.

In our highly mechanized American civilization the nation is as constantly under the bombardment of ideas in times of peace as in times of war, with this difference—that when the combat is on, propaganda is concentrated toward one end and when it is not, it takes a hundred directions. It becomes, then, the critic's primary business—and in this sense the novelist may be critic quite as much as the student of literature—from the welter of activity about him to isolate those manifestations which make for permanent good or ill, and in season and out to wage a lusty fight for or against them. His concern must always be first and foremost with the contemporary scene and with the present day if his writing is to serve as a vitalizing force in life and letters. But it cannot be simply with the surface appearances of society if it is to be more than impressionism, and on the other hand, it must take count of the ephemeral as well as the permanent if it is to be more than academicism.

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"The business of intelligent criticism," said William C. Brownell, perhaps the most intelligent critic America ever produced, "is to be in touch with everything." The true critic interprets, not dissects, and the value of his criticism is in direct proportion to the penetration of his analysis beneath the shifting impulses and sentiments of the moment. Out of disorder he must bring order; he must so present life that it has pattern, purpose, and if not reason, direction. He must snatch for himself from the apparent contradictions and meaninglessness of existence a philosophy of human action, and he must so interpret it as to persuade his fellows that if society is to endure it must establish certain indestructible ideals and steer its course by their light. He will need all the resources that learning and understanding can offer to inform his writing so that it passes from analysis to synthesis.

It is precisely because there has been so constant a misconception as to the true function of criticism—because it is so currently held that criticism has fulfilled its object when it has performed a dissection—that so much is passed off on the American public as genuine literature that is spurious. So long as the critic's business, be he novelist or *belle lettrist*, is completed when he has merely photographed appearances or laid bare structure, so long will a literature remain of interest rather than of moment. It is when the critic turns the force of a contemplative mind and a richly stored memory upon his day, and then only, that his day grows to magnitude in the portrayal, and that his literature becomes fecund. Then indeed the critic ceases to be commentator and becomes leader, and criticism becomes an active force in the shaping of opinion and action. Our crying need is for critics of this sort. When we get them, the American inclination to conformity may be translated into discrimination under their onslaughts.

The Ruthless Romantic

By GLADYS OAKS

THE realists are not the ruthless ones—
The men who plant potatoes in a field,
Who know what they must sow to have a yield,
Who use for labor all their shining suns.

But he who strives to plant thoughts in the ground
And grow a rose tree from a crescent moon
Will hardly care if small, dark blood was strewn
Behind his feet after the moon turned round.

. . . The man who grows potatoes guards her pain
And finds her little glimmers wonderful;
His healing eyes, his hushing hands, are cool,
They smell of berry leaves, the ground, and rain. . . .

And how can gentlemen with stars to carry
Upon their necks love women, whom they marry?

This Week

"The Rise of American Civilization." Reviewed by *Albert Jay Nock.*

"France and America." Reviewed by *Nèwton D. Baker.*

"The Mothers." Reviewed by *C. K. Ogden.*

"Getting Your Money's Worth." Reviewed by *Rexford Guy Tugwell.*

"Business Without A Buyer." Reviewed by *Edward S. Cowdrick.*

"Mattock." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

"The Malletts." Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*

"Guides, Philosophers and Friends," and "Eight o'Clock Chapel." Reviewed by *Ben C. Clough.*

Here's to Crime! By *Charles A. Bennett.*

Chipmunks in the Wall. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

Sociology à la Carte. By *Franklin H. Giddings.*

American Poetry

By JAMES RORTY

IN the materials of poetry surely our American Eden offers some of the largest and most luscious apples in the history of the world. Yet since Whitman few have even shaken the tree. And today the disposition of our poets would seem to be to affect a discreet myopia, which, by excluding the temptation of good and evil, leaves them in the innocent possession of the neutral, the minor, the "unpretentious."

This last I consider the longest and ugliest word which can possibly be hurled at a poet, although I am aware that in all the current reviews it is employed as the suavest of critical amenities—the usual gesture with which a new candidate is received among "Our Best Poets" as listed in the anthologies.

The word is nevertheless a thoroughly invidious and insulting word. If there is one thing which poetry is *not*, it is unpretentious. Poetry is the ego's proud and evaluating claim upon everything that it sees, hears, or touches. It is mercilessly true to the unique vision of a wholly secedent individual. It is therefore necessarily anarchic and challenging in spirit, even though the poet may happen to elect a conventional form.

Each poet brews again the facts and dreams of the world in the crucible of his own temperament, applies the measuring stick of eternity, and casts forth the ingots before the forms are cold. He cannot and should not bother whether the critics or the pedagogues think he is nice or not. Let them mend as best they can the desecrated fabric of civilized expression. He cannot wait. He is too fiercely busy saving his own soul. He is pretentious. That is to say, he is a poet.

* * *

But, returning to our American Eden, what are these fruits and why do they go unplucked? They hang high, but since, as I contend, the poet is by definition pretentious, I purpose to regard them with frank covetousness.

Whitman, of course, drew the ground plan of the garden, and even confessed in long catalogues the saurian omnivorousness of his appetites. (Incidentally, if you want a marvellous example of pretentiousness, read the preface to the 1855 edition of "Leaves of Grass"). But after all, Whitman wrote chiefly prospectuses, magnificent though they were. And the Garden has changed since Whitman's time. The enormous fecundity of human discovery and invention in the twentieth century has cluttered it with the most astonishing growths. The jungle of psychoanalysis, full of strange fruits, and lit by lurid heat of lightenings, stretches endlessly into the distance. The towers of our commercial-mechanical civilization aspire more grandly, in a way, than any towers which other ages have built into the blue. A decade ago came the shattering apocalypse of the war; and today the whole world moans in the ensuing peace, as in a trap. Yet our momentum seems irresistible; the huge gears keep grinding; steel is torn from the mountains and flung across the continent in a shining spider-work of rails and high-tension towers, and wide-windowed factories; the oil drills pierce a million years of geologic strata, and the tortured earth belches a flaming curse of energy, beneath which the populations of our cities and towns are withered into automata.

This, then, is our Garden. These are the tempests and phantasma amid which the poet must wander alone, proclaiming his own soul in the teeth of a most ravening Circumstance. For that is his duty, and his fated, heroic difference from other

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men. Take any of the rough classifications into which we moderns fall. The average person can scarcely be said to exist at all outside of his special group. He is like a drop of faintly tinted water which appears colorless until it is merged with other drops in a glass. For example, you will scarcely recognize an advertising man as such if you meet him alone on Forty-Second Street, New York. But meet him in the bizarre concentration of an Advertising Club luncheon—ah! Then this nonentity begins to take on form and color. Subconsciously, of course, the nonentities recognize this, and there is a defensive psychology in the American passion for joining. A single Rotarian is a feather in a gale. But the International Rotary Clubs are nothing short of a portent. The terrified, screaming, psychic insufficiency of the Ku Klux Klan is, of course, only another variant of the same phenomenon.

Unfortunately, the poets themselves are not immune to this passion, which is understandable in the circumstances. For the artist, the burden of loneliness is heavy indeed in a civilization the most powerful forces of which seem to reject and condemn him. He must, nevertheless, project himself and his personal vision again and again upon this crass world where he appears so frail a figure. He must offer himself not as a servant or sycophant or entertainer, but as the arrogant lord and master of the feast: the Answerer, as Whitman put it. For him, whose mission is to possess the whole of life, no refuges are needed and all refuges are denied.

A strange and violent and dangerous place is our American Eden, but it is the only garden we have. The fruits hang high, and are terrible with the knowledge of good and evil, yet they must be plucked; and not by timorously theorizing little groups, but by isolated, outrageously pretentious adventurers who choose all the world and all time as the arena of their success or failure, and who acknowledge responsibility to no career that can be described or diagrammed in social terms, but only to the gay and egotistical quests of their own souls.

Meanwhile, of course, we maintain a considerable esthetic circus, with innumerable small arenas in which the contestants conduct bowling matches according to set rules. No sooner does Mr. A—— score a ten-strike, than the identical ten-pins are set up on the other alley. Miss B——, with a gleam of sex-antagonism in her eye, elects a big ball or a little one, knocks them all over again, and the crowd applauds—somewhat hastily and perfunctorily, it is true, because there are so many arenas. It is good exercise, the performers are frequently skilful and graceful, usually sincere, and almost always unpretentious. But it has nothing to do with the Great Adventure.

* * *

Just what is the Great Adventure, and how does one recognize the Great Adventurer when he appears? To answer this question would be to attempt to set programs and make rules for genius, a folly which pedants and academic theorists especially delight in; surely the literature on this subject is already adequate. And surely it is enough of pretension, in a brief article, to indicate the prime conditions of the adventure, which are always the same. Nor do I mean to imply that nothing has happened in American poetry since Whitman. I think that a good deal has happened, but I think we are still awaiting an acceptance and vivification of the contemporary fact built to anything like the measure of Whitman's great prospectuses. And I think that modesty is a curious trait for a poet to be accused of, let alone confess.

Sometimes I think, to put it crudely, that our poets have been hopelessly intimidated by our Babbittry. If not, how comes it that the *Saturday Evening Post* dares to print its weekly budget of bad verse under the running head, "The Poet's Corner"? How is it that poetry is listed as "filler material" on the make-up charts of the magazines, not altogether excluding the highbrow ones?

It may be argued, of course, that the *Saturday Evening Post*, being full of automobiles, pirates, demi-vierges, anti-bolshevik "economics," and prune advertisements, is scarcely the place for poetry. Why not? Ring Lardner gets in, often with rather punishing satire. Personally, if I am to harangue a mob (often an excellent thing for both the poet and the mob) I want the largest mob that can be assembled. The mob that reads the poetry magazines is not big enough; nor is it hearty enough or noisy enough. Anyway, they can make their own poetry, or think they can.

If poetry is out of place in the *Saturday Evening Post*, where is it in place? In the *Dial* or the *Century* or the weekly journals of opinion or the special poetry journals or as "filler material" for *Munsey's* or *Snappy Stories*. I for one do not accept the sentence, which is the practical equivalent of declaring that poetry figures merely as a flimsy, non-structural decoration in the architecture of the civilization we are building; that it is not functional in relation to the social process as a whole.

Yet surely, poetry is as necessary as ethics or religion since it comprises the essence of both. It comprises, of course, much more.

Where I write this, the fields slope away in the green of newly sprouted barley to the point where the cliff line marks the land's end and the beginning of—is it sea or sky? I cannot tell, because the sun has not yet cleansed the shore waters of fog, and the ocean is merged with the sky in soft tones of gray and blue.

But about a mile out from shore is a reef, and as I watch, a wave curls white and breaks over the hidden rocks. It *is* the sea, I reflect, with a thrill of loving recognition, and the tide must be coming in.

In some such way one thinks of poetry. The ocean of human life floods and recedes, inarticulate, dumb, yet inexhaustible and pregnant with all significance, so that the murmur of those human tides is like a hand on one's heart. Now and then, from the plain of this gray expanse, a wave rears itself, erect and beautiful, challenging, leading.

* * *

That is poetry: a wave of intenser consciousness lifting itself out of the obscure ocean which a moment before seemed formless, empty, and without meaning. Poetry is as much a part of life as the wave is a part of the ocean. It is not a recoil from life, not a morbid secretion of life, but an essential function of life. If that function is allowed to atrophy for very long, the life of the race, considered as an organism, very soon loses vigor, control, and unity—although of course the cause and effect relation is mutual. If, as Santayana has said, poetry, like the other arts, adds a new dimension to experience, then surely that dimension is essential to the structure of man's world.

Just as the wave is the ocean in microcosm, so a good poem somehow escapes the limitations of time, class, and circumstance, and emerges as a complete and representative specimen of the race-stuff. There is no room for specialization or preciosity in this conception of poetry. In the poet's private life he may adopt some limited and specialized adjustment to his world and become, as Poe became, an editor; or a carpenter or a school teacher (Whitman made all three adaptations). But when he speaks as a poet, he speaks as the poet of the universe. He must offer himself as the archetype of human life, through whom the material world is sensed and its immaterial values focussed and arranged. He is important, first because he is universal, and second because he is expressive. Do not specialized and inarticulate editors of magazines, presidents of banks, superintendents of factories, engineers of railroads, clerks of stores, and diggers of ditches complete themselves humanly and achieve vicarious expression by reading poetry?

* * *

I realize, of course, that in all this I speak for a special point of view—my own; that the idea of the poet as the priest and the governor of the evolving social process is not one which finds expression very often in contemporary poetry or criticism. Yet this was the point of view of Nietzsche (the "transvaluation of values"). It was the point of view of Whitman, who thought of himself always as a combination of priest and orator. At one time he projected a sort of Chatauqua campaign in order that he might directly communicate himself and his inadequate but thrilling concept of "democracy" to the plain people who were then, and have since remained, cheerfully indifferent to his written work.

It was Whitman who wrote in one of his great and too much neglected prefaces:

> As if it were necessary to trot back generation after generation to the eastern records. As if the beauty and sacredness of the demonstrable must fall behind that of the mythical! As if the opening of the western continent by discovery, and what has transpired in North and South America, were less than the small theatre of the antique or the aimless sleep-walking of the middle-ages!

I for one have always considered this passionate cleaving to the contemporary and the actual to be the very essence of Whitman's liberating service to American letters. It is pretentious. It is also grand and bard-like.

Is "what has transpired in North and South America" in the last two decades material too huge and recalcitrant for the use of poetry? I do not see why it should be so.

I join the crowd of commuters boarding the eight o'clock train for the city. It seems to me a strange and terrible thing that all over the country millions of men like myself are journeying to their jobs to be caught up in the endless, dizzy revolutions of our national business machine. I walk down the aisle and everywhere I see newspapers held in front of faces, and I know that the slack or eager minds behind the faces are trying vainly and dazedly to absorb the kaleidoscopic changes of a monstrously overgrown mental environment. What a magnificent spectacle of folly! Into what farcical predicament has humanity fallen when millions of men think they have to muddy their minds with this hodge-podge of trivia every morning of their lives!

* * *

On Sunday I go to church, and with sincere unction and delight, join with the congregation in singing the words of the hymn:

> There is a green hill far away
> Without a city wall
> Where the dear Lord was crucified
> Who died to save us all.

I look up from my hymn book and see all about me the defeated and disintegrating faces of money-lender and merchant, clerk and pious spinster. Suddenly I feel the massed ugliness, the shoddy aspiration of those flimsy pillars and arches like a crushing weight upon my shoulders. The shadows cast by the stained glass windows are like the fingers of death. I would like to shout. I would like to chase the minister out of his pulpit and turn that service into a Dionysian carnival.

I say to myself that I must write about these things, yes, and in poetry. Maybe I shall. I am confident in any case that somebody will seize upon these or similar themes, and that if he writes well, the result will be fully as interesting and poetic as if he had chosen to write about some minor episode of his personal emotional life. Here I must admit a prejudice. I am fed up with poets who suffer. Is it not conceivable that the twentieth century is fed up with them? James Stephens wrote something the substance of which I should like to repeat, at the risk of misquoting: "Nothing that happens to an artist should do more than furnish him with a new subject of esthetic curiosity."

Surely the artist's creative apparatus is his instrument, something to be cared for, kept bright, and used, not talked about, except insofar as talk about it serves the artist's major objective of widening and deepening his own and his readers' consciousness of life. Anyway, why bother? There is so much else to write about in this American Eden, this intolerable wilderness of motion and noise; this theatre of side-splitting farce in politics and society; this vast prairie where leaderless human herds wander and bellow in terror and in wrath; this dumping ground of machine-misbegotten furniture, clothes, houses, ideas; this austere and necessitated shrine of each patriot's devotion—including, heaven help me, my own.

In the sudden death of Irene Stewart on May 24th, America lost one of the most promising of her younger poets. Her work during the last two years showed a steady gain in range and certainty. Her touch had become sure, she had learned to play exquisitely upon her instrument, when she was taken from it. Essentially a lyricist, in a rather songless age, she was adding new melodies to our verse and giving old melodies a new quality. To the delicate fancy of "The Little Queen's Sleep" and the eerie imagination of "The Island of Thorn," there was added a more poignant note of deathful meditation—strangely premonitory—in her later poems. Her short life—she was twenty-nine when she died—was passed entirely on the Pacific Coast, and the voiceless beauty of that region seemed at last about to find the human echo it had waited for so long in vain. Some of Irene Stewart's work has already found its way into the anthologies, but it is to be hoped that a collected edition of her poems—scattered through many magazines—may be published before it is too late to recover them. She belongs with Adelaide Crapsey among our slender and unfortunate "inheritors of unfulfilled renown."

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A Model History

THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION. By CHARLES A. BEARD and MARY R. BEARD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. 2 vols. $12.50.

Reviewed by ALBERT JAY NOCK

THIS book should make it forever hereafter impossible to deal with American history in the fantastic style to which we are accustomed. Probably it will not do that, and the book itself intimates the best of reasons why it will not. Human nature has a great weakness for *Aberglaube* in the account of its own doings and motive purposes, even when they are not particularly discreditable, and all the more when they are; and our historical studies have developed an American variant of *Aberglaube* that is almost as special as soda-water. Having been so long fed on a diet of sweetened wind, it is not to be expected that we shall at once recover a normal appetite for common sense and realism, or a normal respect for the exercise of mere intellectual integrity in such matters. "Things and actions are what they are," said Bishop Butter, "and the consequences of them will be what they will be. Why, then, should we desire to be deceived?" The fact remains, however, that we do; and so for some time to come, no doubt, the bailiwick of American history will remain, as Palmerston said of Prussia, "a country of damned professors." The most we can expect is that the wind will not be quite as sickish sweet as it was before this book was written. Probably, the authors expect no more, for Mr. Beard was once himself a damned professor, back in the bad old times at Columbia—luckily the lamp held out to burn—and his knowledge of the power of *Aberglaube* was gathered at first hand.

The authors may well content themselves, nevertheless, with the distinction of being the first to write their country's history as it should be written. They do not chronicle social movements as if born out of the air, with no discoverable source in human needs and desires. They seem to be aware of the rather obvious fact that there have always been a good many million people in this country who were neither politicians nor soldiers, that they all had twenty-four hours a day to get through in some way or other, that they all had certain dominant needs and greeds which they were trying to gratify, that their minds were occupied with a certain dominant content of thought, and that the real historian finds his field in tracing out and appraising these processes. For example, to show the commonplace type of thing which the conventional historian overlooks, our authors seem aware that each one of these several million people had to have about three squares a day "to go on with," as the English say, that he had to get them from somewhere, and that he had to put some available means in motion in order to get them. Hence unavoidably the fact that he needed them, the nature of the source from which they came, and the character of the means employed to get them, all contributed a color to his general cast of thought and opinion, all affected his general line of conduct, all combined to place him in a set of relations so distinct as to have a profound influence in shaping the structure of politics and society, when multiplied into the thousands and millions.

The broad basic lines upon which the body of this work is sketched in, are those of conflict between two organized interests for the possession and control of the economic resources of the country. These are what the authors call the agricultural interest and the industrialist-capitalist interest. The first volume deals with the period of agricultural domination. After the economic collisions between London and the colonies had ended in political independence, there came out in the Constitution-making period the civil struggle between the forces named. Then followed the progress of agricultural imperialism inaugurated by Mr. Jefferson's purchase of Louisiana, and ruthlessly extended later in the Floridas, Mexico, the Northwest, and the Coast. Then the entrenchment of political power, largely through the formation of new agricultural States; and all culminating in the final unquestioned supremacy of "a triumphant Farmer-Labor Party" under Andrew Jackson, and leading up to the inevitable Second American Revolution in 1860.

The second volume shows agricultural dominance dethroned and prostrate in 1864, and a new economic policy on its way to full control of the country's resources—the policy of unmodified industrial capitalism. The continent was "rounded out," and agriculture rendered helplessly exploitable by the closing of the frontier through the preëmption of all available free land. When the authority of the new power was thus consolidated, there came the apotheosis of "business enterprise," ushering in the age of the machine and the era of an unexampled financial imperialism. Along with this went the development of what the authors admirably call "the politics of acquisition and enjoyment," upon which the national labor movement compromised in a *modus vivendi* with the dominant economic power. One of the most useful and striking features of the author's method is shown in their exhibit of how closely the whole institutional life of the country—its pulpits, forums, literature, schools and colleges, social organizations, newspapers—has followed the line set by the development of economic interest. The service thus rendered a reflective reader in assisting him to get the bearings and tendencies of institutional life in his own day, is inestimable.

An adequate discussion of this work would far exceed the space available here, and I must therefore reluctantly fall back on a few scanty generalizations. The book displays enormous learning and no pedantry—the authors have left all the works and ways of the damned professor miles out of sight behind them. It is admirably organized; such organization as this is the fascination and despair of the conscientious literary craftsman. Its style is sure, easy, graceful, and its substance is flavored with a

CHARLES A. BEARD

fine and insinuating humor. I have but one complaint against the authors—an old one, which I have already made against other works of theirs, but since they are impenitent, I must make it again. I am sorry to see them bow the knee to the Dagon of pseudo-Marxism by applying the terms *capitalist* and *capitalism* to the economic system which became dominant after 1864. I regret it, not out of a finical purism, but because it is just this misuse of these terms that seems mostly responsible for the darkenings of economic counsel that now prevail among us. The authors surely should know that any farmer who owns a spade and works with it in productive enterprise is as strictly a capitalist as the late J. P. Morgan. The ante-bellum economic system was as strictly capitalist as the one which supplanted it. In fact, it is utterly impossible (for me, at least) to imagine an economic system, even characterized by the most primitive technique, that should not be capitalist. By their condescension to a loose colloquialism, therefore, the authors seem to lend countenance indirectly to a great deal of the most culpable economic charlatanry, and to abet a number of economic errors of the first magnitude.

But after all, perhaps my unbounded admiration of the authors' achievement, and my sense of profound personal obligation to them for it, have carried me into an overanxious wish that they had produced a perfect book. This may well be the case, and no doubt they would tell me, in their easy way, that if this book were perfect it would monopolize the field and leave nothing for any one else to do. At all events, I prefer to get my one complaint out of the way as fast as I can, to forget it, and to engage myself wholly upon the book's superabundant, almost incredible excellences and to spread its reputation as far as my words can reach.

Interpreting America

FRANCE AND AMERICA. By ANDRÉ TARDIEU. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by NEWTON D. BAKER

Ex-Secretary of War

IN 1831 Alexis de Tocqueville spent a year in America studying penitentiaries and penal institutions. Returning to France, he reported on the subject of his inquiry and then proceeded to write a book, "Democracy in America," which has become the classic account of our political beginnings. It was natural that this descendant of Malesherbes, who had himself witnessed the political development of France up to the Orleans monarchy, should be attracted by what he saw in America, for there was something of the same spirit and of the same ferment at work in both places, though practically every economic, religious, social, and political condition of the problem varied in the two environments. But de Tocqueville wrote in 1832.

André Tardieu came to an entirely different United States in 1917. Much of his time was spent in Washington, but not the usual political peace-time Washington. Except in the very highest places, in 1917 and 1918 the politicians were the least important people in Washington and everybody knew it. The people who counted there in those days were the masters of business and industry, the patriots and zealots who came from all over the United States, bringing with them the fresh spirit of an aroused people, and their work was to fashion on the home front a broad and sure support for Pershing's Army over seas.

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Tardieu's task, of course, was to understand the American spirit, as it then was, in its most heroic and unselfish mood, and to effect those coöperations between it and France which would be most helpful to the common cause. He succeeded in his task, as the two countries succeeded in theirs. For a moment there was the elation of stupendous success, only to be followed by the depression and disillusion of the post-war years. It was therefore most natural that Tardieu should ask himself: "How can it be that two peoples, after such an experience of sympathy, coöperation, and success, can immediately drift apart, abandon the great task which could only be performed by common effort, and give themselves over to indifference, if not dislike, apparently unmoved by historic bonds which began with the beginning of America and were only a few years ago superbly vindicated and renewed on the frontier from the English Channel to Belfort?" The answer obviously is that constancy is not an attribute of international friendship, and that no historic ties will keep such a friendship alive unless there be a tolerant understanding of differing national traits, coupled with emphasis upon such common interests and ideals as can be found. But Mr. Tardieu is not satisfied to accept the cynicism of the old diplomacy, which postulated a narrow national interest as the sole guide to national action. In like manner he is not satisfied to accept the somewhat too facile theory of the economic interpretation of history as affording an explanation, for of course the fact is that while economic forces do play a large part in modern life, religion, race, language, and a dozen other things about which men have instinctive passions quite often defy economic interest and make armies march in the direction of racial or religious unity rather than economic advantage.

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Seeking a somewhat more detailed set of causes, Mr. Tardieu tries to tell us what a Frenchman is by showing us whence and how he came, and he writes centuries of history into sentences like this—"Situated at a crossroads where all sought to pass, the Frenchman has held his land only by defending it, and this gave birth to the two conceptions nearest to his heart, the conception of frontiers, and the conception of invasion." By way of contrast to this, as Mr. Tardieu points out, the American conception of the frontier is that not guarded by soldiers, but that which momentarily restrains the pioneer. Similarly and for obvious reasons, America is pictured as a country which is still becoming, while France is a country which for a century has had to fight to remain. This fluidity on the one side and stability on the other is characteristic of all the contrasts between America and France. The Protestant tradi-

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tion, under which our democracy has worked out its political theory, is very different from the Catholic tradition, which has modified every change in French political thought. National unity in France was the gift of Joan of Arc; in the United States, of John Marshall. The consequence of this is that to the Frenchman, France is everything else, because she is a nation. The purpose of her culture on the one hand, and of her economic institutions on the other hand, is to minister to the spirit of nationality upon which all else relies for protection, and from which every other national attribute is derived. In the United States, on the contrary, the nation is a creation by men politically, economically, and religiously free, to aid them within prescribed limits in working out convenient modes of coöperation. People so diversely derived can rarely come to a complete understanding, even when they are long united politically. England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales are different countries, inhabited by different peoples, and centuries of political union have had relatively little effect in producing similarity of temperament or national character. Accordingly, Benjamin Franklin and Lafayette can be common national heroes without much more effect upon the lives of two peoples than lending their names as common slogans in those rare historic moments when differences are restrained or forgotten in deference to some common passionate impulse. A composite of the inscriptions on the tombs of French soldiers would probably be "For France and Glory." A similar composite of the inscriptions on the tombs of American soldiers would probably be "For America and Justice." The connotations of these terms are different, and Mr. Tardieu has not failed to point out how different they are. The lesson he draws from it is obvious. To these differences of ideals and temperament it is impossible to apply such words as good and better; the important thing is to understand them, and understanding to judge less vehemently and intolerantly actions by others which are natural to them and their conditions but foreign to us and our conditions.

Essentially, Mr. Tardieu has drawn a just picture of both France and the United States, and a helpful picture too. The reading of it will make us more tolerant, and yet I sadly fear that it neither explains nor excuses all. The excuse Mr. Tardieu makes for America is kindly. Perhaps our very origin and the economic character of our constitution is accountable for our swing from the idealism of 1918 to the materialism of 1921. The tribute which Mr. Tardieu pays to our humanitarian institutions which have no direct counterpart in French thought and life is consoling and encouraging. But after all he slyly reminds us that Senator Borah, whom he characterizes as "the American politician who most abundantly dogmatizes about the duties of Europe," is hard for a Frenchman to understand. In similar fashion Americans find it easy to understand Frenchmen when they think of Briand and the spirit of Locarno, but hard when they think of the pale and wrathful figure of Poincaré whose real achievements for France they recognize, rushing to the frontier every so often to shake his fist at the rest of Europe.

Altogether the most valuable part of Mr. Tardieu's book, however, is his picture of the United States under war conditions. It would not do for us to say these high things ourselves, but we like to have this gifted and intelligent Frenchman say them of us. We were unselfish; we were devoted; we were one in a great faith; and if democratic institutions ever need vindication, it will be found in the story of what we did and the spirit in which it was done in 1917 and 1918.

Mr. Tardieu saw that story, with an alert and understanding eye, as it unfolded. In this book he tells it graphically and justly, and the recital has the convincing merit of being told by one not beguiled by traditional sympathy with many of the sources of our national strength. The value of the story is that so long as it be not forgotten, American democracy can rely upon itself, and whatever may be true of democracy otherwise conditioned, ours can say "No dictator need apply."

The literary exec[illegible] Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus o[illegible]l University, who died last August in his [illegible]nd year, have authorized Henry James [illegible]e a biography of the educator. The exe[illegible]e the Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, his son, an[illegible] Greene, his former secretary.

A Meliorist's View

THE MOTHERS. By ROBERT BRIFFAULT. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926-27. 3 vols. $9 each.

Reviewed by C. K. OGDEN

THAT anyone in good health, and without the incentive of a wager or the kiddies, should feel the urge to write over a million words on Mothers is surprising; that he should find a publisher willing to put 2,400 large pages at his disposal is perhaps even more surprising. We only regret to learn, though without surprise, that the flight, begun in the buoyancy of youth, was completed on broken wings.

The air of Hampstead is certainly invigorating, and the author of "Psyche's Lamp" has left undeveloped no antecedent or consequent of the theory that the social characters of the human mind are, one and all, traceable to the operation of instincts related to the functions of the female and not to those of the male. He begins by a study of heredity, and of the power of the Word, proceeding by way of sexual hunger, mating, and maternal love to an account of the herd and the family amongst animals. Thence, via the primitve human group we arrive in Chapter VII at Motherhood. Matriarchy, Primitive Labor, Marriage as an Institution, and Sexual Communism conclude Volume I. Volume II covers Promiscuity, Jealousy, Selection, Monogamy, Taboo, Totemism, the Witch, and the Moon. The Moon, as the Lord of the Women, occupies two hundred pages in Volume II and figures largely in the historical chapters which lead up to a survey of Modesty, Purity, Romance, and finally the influence of the Mothers who have been a background for the whole story.

The upshot of it all is that the achievements of civilization have been brought about (as most male historians believe) by the operation of man's rational faculty. Women have had very little share in them. Women (as all conservatives maintain) "are constitutionally deficient in the qualities that mark the masculine intellect." But that is only a small part of the story, for most cultural achievements derive from a very different state of affairs, our profoundly irrational inheritance from primitive society.

* * *

Social organization, in fact, according to Mr. Briffault, was the expression of feminine functions. The maternal instinct alone is primitively "altruistic." Loyalty grows feeble when intellect initiates readjustments. Faith, hope, and charity are the foundations of society, and what we can learn from a truly oriented anthropology is the distinction between what is primal and founded upon vital laws and the mutable products of traditional inheritance.

Marriage is in transition, but the future lies with the women. "Upon women falls the task not only of throwing off their own economic dependence, but of rescuing from the like thraldom the deepest realities of which they were the first mothers." Therein, as Goethe saw, lies the hope of ameliorating our social lot. Mr. Briffault is a meliorist whose lot is cast in an unhistorical age with a prehistoric background; so he would have us understand what we endeavor to reform.

But even those who eschew the effort of understanding and look askance at reformist endeavor can find abundant material for their instruction in these 2,400 pages. Take, for example, the exposure of "Chivalry" which Mr. Briffault finds necessary, in common with most modern medievalists, or of the body itself which was so common amongst our ancestors that sociologists still find difficulty in explaining the origin of vestments. In both cases we are led, however circuitously, to a better understanding of the position of the mother in human society.

Nor must we overlook the literary and educational implications of such an evolution as that with which the historian of motherhood is concerned. Thus we are reminded that the Chevalier de la Tour Landry composed the work wh[illegible] translated as a manual of moral instructi[illegible] young daughters. It is written with the mos[illegible] and earnest moral intentions, "yet such a[illegible] anecdotes by which the pious knight exhibits [illegible] evils of moral laxity that no publisher could at t[illegible] present day print the work in modern English without rendering himself liable to prosecution." As an example, Mr. Briffault quotes a story emphasizing the desirability of observing proper decorum in church, which recalls the ecclesiastical exploits of the hero of M. Jules Romains's "Les Copains."

Mr. Briffault rightly regards it as significant that whereas in the heroic sagas it was almost obligatory on exalted and heroic personages to be bastards—Conchobar, Cuchulainn, Mongan, Fionn, Conaire, King Arthur, Gawain, Roland—Christianity gradually made the term "bastard" one of the most offensive it is possible to use. William the Conqueror nowise resented the appellation of "William the Bastard" by which he was commonly known; and the history of the Christianization of literature reads very much like the life of Mr. Comstock on Broadway prolonged throughout five centuries. "To charge the Christian Church with supineness or inefficiency would be grossly unjust."

Indeed, the struggle of the older morality, which Mr. Briffault so frequently succeeds in tracing to feminist requirements, with the ascetic and otherworldly influences of Christianity provides the material for an instructive parallel with the conflict between the Dionysian and Apollonian systems which is so striking a feature of the Eumenides of Æschylus. Mr. Briffault himself provides us with a valuable survey of the rise of monogamy, and his treatment of jealousy in this respect may serve as an example of his method.

* * *

After reciting countless examples of polygamy due to the insistence of women that their husbands shall marry more wives, he remarks that the mating instinct being primarily a feminine instinct and subserving feminine interests, the desire of the female to retain the male is biologically far more fundamental than the desire of the male to retain the female. In modern times the relations of a male with other females constitute an economic menace. In primitive societies, on the other hand, the accession of new wives facilitates the work of each and enhances the strength and well being of the family. Even marked favoritism does not involve the loss of a husband.

At times there is a tendency for the mother to be smothered in the mass of evidence which her status engenders. But there is this compensation that a work on such a scale, sincerely undertaken, may have a value even in virtue of its excrescences. The bibliography alone occupies more space than many standard treatises. The fact that we look in vain for references to the work of Alverdes on Animals in general, of Bölsche on Love in general, and of Forel on Ants in particular or that the *Cambridge Magazine* essays on Feminism, the *Psyche* studies in Matriarchy, Eileen Power's researches on Nunneries, W. I. Thomas' "Sex and Society," Mrs. Sanger, Marie Stopes, and Veblen, are not amongst the 8,000 entries, may indicate only that one can read widely and yet miss much. In any case no one interested in mothers can henceforward afford to neglect Mr. Briffault's book and the sociologist may be content to regard the maternal aspect of civilization as adequately featured for at least five years.

The Penn Publishing Company of Philadelphia is offering cash prizes to the amount of $2,000 for original play manuscripts suitable for amateur The prizes will be as follows: First prize, $1,000 second, $500; third, $250; fourth, $150, and fifth $100. The plays must be three acts, no more, no less—time of playing not less than two nor more than three hours. Comedies are preferable, but melodramas or serious plays are eligible. Manuscripts may be sent in as early as the first of July but not later than the thirty-first of December 1927.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Contemporary Buncombe

GETTING YOUR MONEY'S WORTH. By STUART CHASE and F. J. SCHLINK. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by REXFORD GUY TUGWELL
Columbia University

IF Professor Dewey's argument that philosophy is criticism is acceptable; and if it works both ways and criticism is also philosophy, Messrs. Chase and Schlink ought to be entered for the philosophy sweepstakes of 1927. Failing their complete qualification in this class, even, there is still a lot of amusement in store, for some of us anyway, in regarding the efforts of our respective go-getter friends to laugh off "Getting Your Money's Worth." What other tactics can be employed it is difficult to see; for unless all the signs fail, everybody is destined very shortly to become acquainted with a lot of facts which were never known before concerning contemporary buncombe. And if human nature has not undergone some strange mutation since it was last examined, the blurb-men are due to have chapter and verse cited to them rather raucously on every street corner, as long as the warm weather lasts, until they grow very sick of it indeed.

For those also who enjoy the little curiousnesses of ordinary folk in not too serious a way it will be amusing to watch a newly-enlightened, consumer-conscious public suddenly become estranged from some highly cherished friends. Sales Resistance, it is to be feared, is going to be more of a problem than ever for the serious students of business psychology. From tooth-paste and shaving soap to houses and clothes, all our modern paraphernalia, with certain honorable exceptions, be it said, will henceforth be regarded with a deep suspicion. They may be downright inimical, we are told; but certainly they cost too much. About the only common articles of use which have escaped are books. For a while yet we can live in sinful faith that, of these, the ten greatest ever written are published every month.

* * *

In a way "Getting Your Money's Worth" will have to be set down as an elaboration of the already familiar. But a useful one. Who is there who is not aware that every trip to the clothing shop or to the corner grocery is not, in some measure, humiliating to his intelligence? Yet, while what there was to go on was only dimly and rather generally realized, the daily stultification was carried out in relentless if reluctant fashion. There was left, it is true, a residue of unrest which rendered us hostile to current cynicism, and even shaped some of us into gentle radicals. But lacking the materials for a genuinely detailed and devastating awareness, we ended at that.

Messrs. Chase and Schlink have stirred up two hornets' nests with one stick. And, provided, of course, that they are perched on a high enough limb with an adequate protection of affidavits, they can settle down to watch as neat a little civil war as any small boys could well hope to have begun. In the one nest there are, among the common run, some famous Captains: Listerine, Prophylactic, Puffed Wheat, Corn Flakes, Mobiloil, Murine, Celotex, Lux, to name a few—and that mysterious knight of whom we know only the pseudonym, B.V.D. In the other there are no famous leaders, though some champion may be expected to arise among the statesmen, if the cause should look sufficiently hopeful when the issue is really joined. Nor are the soldiers here enthusiasts as are those others who oppose them. The drab cognomen covers them all: consumer. A slaves' revolt, this, rather than a civil war! But for all that it may come to something. The embattled consumers will at least do almost the whole of the laughing.

When the heat of the conflict has passed and the clouds of flying verbiage have subsided, when the Captains and the Kings have most ingloriously departed, and only low moans are audible from Cyrus H. K. Curtis and William Randolph Hearst, the slaves will discover that they have won something or other. There will then be need for another Lenin and Trotzky's return from Switzerland. For that dismal day beyond the victory, when glorified tooth-paste has turned to chalk and perfumed alcohol cannot any longer be trusted to restore a vigor lost, halitosis may no longer scourge us puny seekers after sex-appeal, but other dangers will inevitably arise; consumers will be quite defenseless in their folly still, for they will necessarily remain human. Also there must be something more than a love of mischief to have justified starting all the racket. There must, in a word, be Constructive Suggestions. They will be found in the closing chapters.

The Dilemma of Thrift

BUSINESS WITHOUT A BUYER. By WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER and WADDILL CATCHINGS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by EDWARD S. COWDRICK.

ONCE more Messrs. Foster and Catchings are at their trick of placing a tack in the chair of that dignified old party, the Dismal Science, and are getting huge enjoyment out of the consternation thus caused to him and his followers. The present volume is an elaboration and popularization of the theories presented in the two earlier books, "Money" and "Profits," and like them it is sponsored by the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research. After "Profits" was published, the Pollak Foundation offered a prize of $5,000 for the best adverse criticism of the book, with the result that 435 adverse and acquisitive critics entered the contest. If the Pollak Foundation got the worth of its $5,000, it evidently was in advertising rather than in conversion, since the authors in the preface to their new book say: "As far as we can yet see, none of the criticisms which we have received from the prize essays, or from any other sources, reveals a fallacy in our main argument."

This main argument, as advanced in the three books, might be very sketchily summarized somewhat as follows: Productive industry under the present economic system does not disburse as wages or in any other way as much money as it expects to receive for the commodities which it has to sell. Consumers are dependent upon the money which they receive from industry in wages, dividends, and other income. Since consumers cannot receive the full amount that they are expected to pay for the product, *and since, moreover, on account of the necessity* for saving, they cannot spend all even of what they receive, the total purchasing power of the consuming public falls short of the distributive requirements of industry. This causes over-production and the necessity of periodical reductions of stock by the sale of goods at less than the cost of manufacture. Investment of the consumers' surplus funds in ways that add to productive capacity (for example, in bonds issued by corporations to raise money for additions to plant and equipment) makes matters worse, since it increases the output of goods without a corresponding increase in the flow of money to possible purchasers of these goods. Thus is created what Messrs. Foster and Catchings call "the dilemma of thrift." The situation can be remedied only by finding some way to get more money into the pockets of consumers.

* * *

This theory was put forward in the two earlier books, where it was supported by statistics and comprehensive economic arguments. In the present volume it is illustrated concretely by references to what the authors believe are the conditions in several of the basic American industries. One of the most challenging chapters is devoted to the motor car. The authors begin this chapter with the flat statement: "The present material prosperity of the United States is due largely to the automobile," and add:

> Had it not been for the development of that industry during the last fifteen years, it seems probable that business would now be jogging along at a level not far above that of the decade before the World War. Certain it is, that without the great expansion of the automotive industry in this country, there would have been no such increases as those which have taken place in the volume of money, in consumers' income, in real wages, and in profits.
>
> Equally impossible would have been the gains in building operations, in railroad development, and in highway construction. The fact that the United States has developed the largest new industry of this generation so rapidly that it now produces about seven-eighths of the world's output of motor cars is, in itself, enough to make this country far more prosperous than a score of countries which divide among them the other one-eighth of the business. Indeed, every index of our general prosperity reflects the growth of the automobile industry. The people of this country do not all ride in automobiles because they are prosperous; *it is more to the point to say that they are prosperous* because they all ride in automobiles.

This conclusion is supported by arguments somewhat too complicated to be summarized within the space of a brief review. It must suffice to say that the authors give credit in part to the growth of instalment purchasing, and in part to the supply of new money put in circulation by the growth of capital incident to the rapid building of automobile and accessory plants and the development of allied industries.

If the theories of Messrs. Foster and Catchings are at variance with those of the orthodox economists, their method of writing is even more so. In literary style "Business Without a Buyer" compares with the "Wealth of Nations" as "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" compares with the "Iliad."

This reviewer began to read "Business Without a Buyer" in the keen anticipation that the authors here would reveal their solution to the problem which they propounded in their two earlier books. He was disappointed. Messrs. Foster and Catchings doubtless have a solution ready; several times in the book they lead the reader almost up to it and then pull him back. Specifically they disavow any purpose to upset the present economic system based upon production for profit. They also oppose inflation of currency, although unquestionably some method of expanding the available supply of money in proportion to the enlargement of industrial output is a part of their plan for relieving the situation.

The last chapter of the book concludes as follows:

> Must the world continue to depend on chance? We do not take that hopeless view; we do not believe in the Economics of Despair. We are confident that we can propose a simple, feasible, and immediate way out of the Dilemma of Thrift—a way to save and thrive—a cure for business depressions—a means of enabling the people as a whole to gain greater and more durable satisfactions out of the marvellous machinery of modern business. That is the subject we purpose to discuss in our next book.

In this tantalizing fashion the film ends, while on the screen might appropriately be flashed the announcement:

THE NEXT CHAPTER
OF
THE DILEMMA OF THRIFT
WILL BE SHOWN
AT THIS THEATRE
NEXT SATURDAY NIGHT

A Hardshell Doughboy

MATTOCK. By JAMES STEVENS. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $2.50 net.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE author of "Paul Bunyan" and "Brawnyman" had an excellent idea for a book about the war. He would show the impact of the conflict upon one of Mr. Mencken's boobs or yokels, an oaf from Clevisburg, Kansas, the son of a Tennesee Hardshell father and a strict Kansas Methodist mother, reared in the brimstone doctrine of the Rev. Pret Snodgrass. He would take this buffoon to France, throw him into contact with city lads of thrice his intelligence, exhibit all his deficiencies of intellect and his hidebound moral pettiness, and then bring him back to his Kansas steers and swill-barrels totally unchanged. Incidentally, he would show up at the same time the hypocrisy that honeycombed our army of democracy; the snivelling Y. M. C. A. men, the 101 per cent lieutenants who went about looking for Bolshevism among their privates, the cowards and skulkers, and the officers who had affairs with French girls.

It was a good idea, calculated to win the applause of all lovers of Mr. Mencken's doctrines; but it required a much more adroit hand than Mr. Stevens here exhibits. He tells his story in the first person. It purports to be the autobiography of Private Purvis Mattock, who has been reared in the faith of Peter Cartwright, has been exposed without much result to a country-school education, and is capable of emerging from a year's service in the army with the still unshaken idea that cigarette smoking is a sin. Doubtless there were ignorant and bigoted bumpkins in the army. But Mr. Stephens lays on his satire with too heavy a trowel. He makes the egregious Mattock exhibit himself so flagrantly that it destroys the reality of the study. A man might have committed all the idiocies that Mattock commits, but he would never have philosophized upon them with the uneasy self-righteousness which Mattock shows in this autobiographical narrative. He would have written of his exploits with naïveté and simplicity. Before the book is half finished Mattock has become a caricature.

Mr. Stephens displays materials which, given a good deal more subtlety of touch, would have made a remarkable ironic study of the war. His picture of camp-drill on the Loire, of garrison rows, of frog canteens and frog Sundays, of leave in Paris,

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of a country doughboy's homesickness, of the comradeships, intrigues, and hatreds of a single company, and of its queer mixture of human types ranging from backwoods lumbermen to East Side Jews, is for the most part vividly and accurately done. The difficulty is that it is so often overdone. Take the Tennessee soldiers who deny that the ocean was three thousand miles across, even in the time of the flood:

"Boys, y'all heerd yit the pope is the ruler of this yere French country?" It was Hod Brogan, another of my squad, who asked that. "I jest larnt they air a Romish church in every French town, and no other kind ay-tall. I spoke to that Sergeant Shevlin about it, and he declared to his soul it was a-cause the pope runs the country; and he said when the pope come around we'd have to bow down and kiss his big toe! Well, them as is willin' kin. But as fer me, I was brung up in the Cumberland Presbyterian religion, and I'd die first!"

That got the Tennesseeans excited, and they lost all their smiles and went to blasting the Romish church up one side and down the other. I was listening with a lot of natural sympathy until I noticed Corporal Sumovski was staring at them, with a hard scowl on his face. And then I remembered how he was a good friend of the first sergeant and how they would both go to the masses in the Houel Romish church, and I didn't feel so much sympathy with the Tennesseeans. It was not good soldiering for them to mock the religion that the first sergeant and so many of the other non-coms of my company believed in.

This credulity is a bit exaggerated.

The Hardshell private does not get into the front lines, a fact which he and his mother regard as a sign of the special favor of Providence. Instead, he attains the rank of corporal at a safe billet in the rear, and wins the contempt and resentment of all his mates by acting as a spy for a captain—Capt. Frank L. Dill, later to be known as the author of the great war novel, "God's Crusaders"—who wishes all evidences of disloyalty and radicalism reported to him. Mattock gravely reports such indications of sedition as the remark of one soldier that President Wilson wished "to make the world safe for Democrats." Fortunately for him, soon after he is exposed as a stool-pigeon the armistice comes, and in the general jubilation he is restored to a measure of comradeship. In the end we see him going back to the old home farm, to Ma and her fried chicken, and to Elsie Snodgrass, "the sweetest, most religious girl in the whole town of Clevisburg, and the best to her folks." He settles down meekly under the divine will to forget the wicked days he had witnessed in the army.

Mr. Stevens had an excellent idea, and he possessed a great deal of first-rate material to support the idea. A little more delicacy and restraint would have made an unusual book of "Mattock."

A Fine Art

THE MALLETTS. By E. H. Young. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by Grace Frank

MISS YOUNG'S is the humorously sensible attitude toward feminine foibles and self-deceptions that inevitably recalls Jane Austen's. Both these novelists look upon the loves and jealousies of the women they portray with the same clear, level gaze—and the same twitching lips. But whereas Miss Austen's lips used to curl pretty sharply on occasion and often came together with a snap, Miss Young is content to reflect her satiric observations of the life about her in the gentlest and most restrained of smiles.

It is in her portraits of the two older Mallett women that her restraint is most apparent, for Caroline and Sophia, spinsters both of them who never married for the best of reasons, were born to be caricatured. And yet even Caroline, the robustious virgin who affects audacity and resolutely pictures her decorous past as a series of tremendous indiscretions,—even Caroline is a person rather than a type.

However, it is with the subdued fencing for position of the younger Malletts, of the hard little Henrietta and her mysterious, reserved Aunt Rose, that the author is chiefly concerned. For when Henrietta, offspring of a plebeian but virtuous mother and a well-born but worthless father, comes from the shabby boarding-house where she has been slaving to live with her aunts in the gracious gentility of their country home, she unwittingly thrusts her small, forthright person into the most delicate illusions of her Aunt Rose. None of the Mallett women has married, but Rose, the lovely half-sister of Caroline and Sophia, has for some time past been appeasing her desire for dangerous emotion by a statue-and-bust sort of affair with a man whose wife is a hopeless invalid. Her relations with this man, Francis Sales, and with his suspicious wife have been growing more and more unsatisfactory of late, and they are in no wise improved by the presence of Henrietta or by the mutual attraction which Francis and Henrietta come to feel for one another.

The shifting reticences of Rose and Henrietta in these circumstances, the older woman's realization of her lover's limitations, her very real affection and concern for her niece, the young girl's wariness, love, and jealousy—all of these Miss Young studies with coolness and with a delightful dash of impishness. She shows, for instance, a quite malicious conversance with the emotions excited by Henrietta's first kiss. The child at once slaps the offender but "she was not really avenging an insult: she was simply expressing her annoyance at her pleasure in it."

Throughout, the author's keen insight nicely balances a subtle recognition of incongruities. If one feels at times a want of rounding in her characters—not a lack of actuality, but an angularity and spareness—this is due, in part at least, to her preoccupation with a strictly delimited portion of their lives. Her frame indeed seems just a little too tight for her picture. Much of Henrietta, more of Rose, and most of Francis fail to enter it at all. To be sure, these people all lack ardency, their blood is too thin and tepid for high adventure, their lives are themselves in the last analysis cramped and unimportant. But they become for the moment very interesting to us, and it is a high tribute to Miss Young's finely precise art, to its wit and charm, that we should want to know even more of the Malletts.

Other Times, Other Customs

EIGHT O'CLOCK CHAPEL. By C. H. Patton and W. T. Field. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927. $3.50.

GUIDES, PHILOSOPHERS, AND FRIENDS. By Charles F. Thwing. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by Ben C. Clough
Brown University

ALTHOUGH the Commencement speakers did not say much about it, the American college is, this year, at the turning of the ways. The large utilitarian university has come to stay on the American scene; by the same token the small liberal college is fast disappearing, but most people do not realize what has happened, and is daily happening. It may well be that mass production of university degrees is desirable (though that remains to be demonstrated), but no intelligent middle-aged American who will reflect on the matter can doubt that something unique, precious, and American is going to join the stage-coach and the Sagamore.

What this something was may be read, partly in the lines and partly between them, in two books which are opportunely appearing at the same time. The former, "Eight o'Clock Chapel," is a composite picture of the New England college in the eighties; the latter, "Guides, Philosophers and Friends," is largely, though not entirely, given to character-studies of the men who shaped our colleges, both in New England and elsewhere. Thus, in the one we see Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Harvard, Vermont, Williams; in the other, Hyde, Tucker, Eliot, Angell, Mark Hopkins. The college man of the moment, if he opens the volumes at all, will spend more time than he intended on them; the college man of yesterday will chuckle and sigh over them; but the historian of American thought (when he appears) will thumb them to tatters.

He will have a hard, but an interesting task, that historian, in explaining the account (in "Eight o'Clock Chapel") of how D. L. Moody, in 1885, spell-bound an undergraduate audience in Battell Chapel. Other times, other customs. More intelligible is the tale (from the Amherst of the 'eighties) of the professor who in explaining the camera, had the lecture-room darkened, except for a small aperture, and remarked that the image of the trees outside appeared inverted when thrown on a sheet.

" 'Now,' said he, 'young gentlemen, if one of you should go out and walk across the field of vision, you would appear to us to be standing upon your head.' "

A student obtained permission to perform the experiment; being, however, a famous athlete, he chose to walk on his hands, and the resulting image was perplexing in the extreme to the professor, though not to the class!

"Eight o'Clock Chapel" is enlivened by a host of like incidents. The book has excellent illustrations.

Here's to Crime!

THE number of books that have appeared in the last two years dealing with famous crimes and famous criminals must by now be large enough to constitute Alarming Proportions if not actually a Rising Tide. I have no taste for blood and I am not a great reader, yet in the past eighteen months, just in the course of natural give and take between myself and the publishers, I must have perused in whole or part at least a dozen such works. I recall a few of the titles—perhaps not accurately.

Dainty Rogues in Newgate.
Every Boy's Book of Blackguards.
Six Fascinating Stranglers.
The Life and Times of Jack the Ripper.
Some Picturesque Poisoners.
Forgers All.
A Little Company of Crooks.
A Miscellany of Murders.
Thugs and Thyroid or The Endocrinology of Crime.

This is a fair sample of the literature. Some of it is frankly gory and melodramatic. Some of it is informative, a retelling of crimes of which no educated person should be ignorant. Some of it masquerades as psychological or sociological documents. But whatever its intention and whatever its quality the time has evidently come for a judicious selection. No one can possibly master all these crimes, yet all of us, it would seem, must become familiar with some of them. We must bale out some of the rising tide or we shall be overwhelmed.

While we are waiting for "The Outline of Crime" to appear or for Mr. O'Brien to take the situation in hand and issue an annual volume of "The Best Murders of 1926, 1925," etc., will not some publisher of broad vision bring out a "Selection of the World's Choicest Crimes"? A friend has suggested that it be called "The Newgate Anthology or An Unsavoury Nosegay for Those Who Like That Sort of Thing." That would never do. What is needed is a title that will appeal to all, a book that can be put into the home. I think it should be called "The 1001 Best Crimes, Chosen and Compiled from the World's Masterpieces, for Home and Family Reading." There would of course be an elaborate system of classification in accordance with which crimes were grouped to suit varieties of age, taste, profession, and so forth. I cannot go into the thing exhaustively now, although I am willing to do so for any publisher who will pay me for my trouble, but I do not mind throwing out a few suggestions.

Section 1 *For Tiny Tots* (4-8)—Tales of slaughter for the infant mind are of course no novelty. They have been the rule. Do not the hands of Jack the Giant Killer drip red with blood? But these stories have lacked moral pungency. I suggest as an example of something better the notorious crime of little Sophie Brennan, aged seven, who lived on the Rathgar Road, in the suburbs of Dublin, some time during the 'nineties. The Rathgar Road, take it from me, is not an inspiring place to dwell. Moreover, when you have to go to school every day in the week, with a half holiday only on Saturday; when on top of that you have to attend Sunday School for two hours on Sunday mornings, life is black. This was Sophie's fate. She hated Sunday School and she hated her teacher, an unctuous and sanctimonious curate, still more. Instead of wasting her energies in insubordination or outbursts of temper this remarkable child pur-

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sued a deliberate policy. She insinuated herself into the good graces of the curate, exhibited a model deportment, and finally persuaded him to take her up to the top of the church tower from which an exhilarating view could be had of Terenure, the Dodder, and the Three Rock Mountain. Then at the proper moment, as the curate leaned over the parapet, she gave him what proved to be a mortal push. Sophie was sentenced to be incarcerated in Glencree Reformatory, from which dismal place I am glad to say she escaped. The rumor at the time was that she was carried safely to America where she later entered domestic service and accumulated a fortune. Stories like this, I believe, are more edifying than the old giant and ogre variety. They show the child that even at a tender age forethought and determination will remove obstacles from one's path.

Section 2—I was about to call this Juvenile, but I had forgotten that we have no juveniles any more. At the age of ten the modern child is sophisticated and *blasé de tout.* He has lost faith in human nature. Only the seamy side is real for him. I read a document the other day in which the writer talked of a "pregnant angle of approach" to something or other. That is such a deliriously unhappy figure of speech that it ought to be preserved. So I will say that the pregnant angle of approach to the treatment of crime in this section is the morbid—psychological. The actual murder in each instance should be presented as a mere item or symptom in the history of complexes or disastrous "environmental influences"—the real villains of the piece. This method will have two advantages. First, it will confirm the youthful reader in his mean estimate of human nature. Everyone, he will now see, is a potential murderer. Those who haven't committed a murder have simply been fortunate in their environment. Secondly, it will prove that nothing really matters. For whether one murders or whether one doesn't it all comes down to an interaction between inner and outer forces over which one has no control.

Section 3 *For Adults*—These will not want to be bothered with the subtleties of psychology nor will they wish to be depressed by a dark or sinister picture of human life. Liveliness should be the keynote of the selection here. As good an example of what is required as I can recall is the famous Tiryns Telephone Murder. Tiryns, as you will at once guess from the ancient Greek flavor of the name, is the city in the classical region of northern New York State. Some fifteen years ago there lived in Tiryns a crusty old gentleman by the name of Thomas Hubbard. Of a naturally irascible disposition, he had suffered an increasing inflammation of temper from the telephone operator's habit of telling him the line was busy when he well knew (as we all know at such times) that the line wasn't busy at all. The breaking point came one day when a more than usually violent outburst of profanity from him led to his telephone service being cut off. Some time after this he disguised himself and by an adroit trick succeeded in gaining admission to the central exchange of Tiryns. Once there he whipped out a gun and managed to kill two operators and wound another before he was torn to pieces by the infuriated mænads of the exchange. This incident, I may add, brought about a great improvement in the service. It also explains why you will see emblazoned above the entrance to the magnificent new telephone building at Tiryns the motto: *Aut Efficacitas aut Mors:* Give us Efficiency or Give us Death.

Perhaps in indicating the keynote of this section I should have used the word colorfulness rather than liveliness, for the Tiryns Telephone Murder is what I should call a colorful story.

I think there ought to be a group of stories suitable for Sunday reading. There should be little difficulty here. The Bible is congested with crime. We need only translate the King James version into modern English and supply some snappy titles to make Biblical themes attractive. For example, "Who Started This Thing Anyway?" (Gen. IV. 8) "Cherchez la Femme" (Judges, IV. 21), "David's Devious Way" (11 Sam. XI. 15), "Say it With Stones" (Acts, VII, 58). I can see the Head of the House reading these aloud to his children on Sunday afternoons. Even the maid might be induced to stay in for them. It would be a great Step Forward if with one injection we could give new life to Sunday Observance and Family Solidarity.

CHARLES A. BENNETT.

The BOWLING GREEN

Chipmunks in the Wall

I HEAR their tiny feet: an airy scamper,
Light intramural frolic to and fro
Behind the solemn bookshelves, in the tunnels
Of lath and joist and beam. Inside the ceiling
They freak my silence with a lace of sound,
Patterns of chase and hurry and alarm,
Dry rustling skirmish among plaster alleys
Quick as the darting mischief of the mind.
Behind George Fox, John Woolman, Hobbes and Herrick
(More Herrick they than Woolman, Fox or Hobbes)
They carnival and dance their nights away.

And now it's late, the telephone won't ring,
I'm safe. I'm safe in silence. I can take
My little rolls of film, of reminiscence,
And (working in a cautious rosy gloom)
Bathe them in the necessary acids
And watch the pictures tenderly emerge;
Develop, tone and fix and wash and dry
Till they can face the White Light of the world.
Those films are full of static: as they whirl,
Winding and unwinding in the gloom
You'll see them crackle with a running spark.

Which makes me think again about those chipmunks.
Skirmishing at random in the walls,
Suppose they gnaw the wires? In my old shack
The wiring's elderly, the whole shebang
Is veined with ribbons of potential fire.
Suppose, in casual sport, my antic rodents
Nibble through my crumbly insulations
And cause what (I believe?) they call Short Circuit,
A Ground, a homesick spark. All kinds of joy
Are hungry always to get back to earth,
So this blinking fidget of desire
Scintillates in peevish discontent,
Frets and stings his tindery surrounding—
And I, so much at peace upon my couch,
Awake to find the homestead wreathed in flame.
The naughty chipmunks perish, I suppose,
But the more awkward fact is, so do I.

If I were you, I'd hire an electrician.
But don't you love that old domestic question
So often asked, in bed, of drowsy men.
You shake a massive shoulder (you'd not guess
How big men's shoulders are, unless you've slept
Beside them)—
"George! George! Wake up; wake up, George!
It seems to me that I smell something burning"?

You smell the whole world burning; and it's queer
There's so much smoke and smell, so little flame.
In hearts as tough as gouty woodland stumps
Red Reason embers in the touchwood rot
And fills the parish with a fuming haze.
It taints the very ether of the sky.
It's got to be! Even the rudiment
Examples of combustion—such as poets—
Exhale more smudge and smoulder than clear fire.
How many random scribbles on the page,
Curlicues and margins and grotesques,
Before the good black text begins to show—
Oh so much woodpile and so little nigger!
All the pretty damnables men bury
In deepest ink: eyes altered in a night,
Little sweet hollows in the palms of hands,
Trembles in voices, and the Murphy Twins
Let down from Heaven in a folding bed.

Toulemonde, it's rash to talk like that.
I wonder if you ever heard what happened
When the fairies held their big Convention?
They organized a Posse of Pursuit
And lynched the people who write Fairy Tales.
Do you expect some premium for recalling
The things men had remembered to forget?

Bliss Carman told me, when he gave a reading
At Arizona University
That afterward the treasurer came to him
And gave him a good fistful of gold coins.
Poetry, he said, should not be paid
In anything less genuine than gold.
Charming, wasn't it?
It was, by Jove;
And if your verses were like *Vagabondia*
They wouldn't be.

I visited a Broadway dance-hall once
Where carpenters were making alterations
While the dancing was still going on.
There was a workman there, in overalls,
Chewing a quid of pepsin. While the throng
Twirled and maneuvered on the spangled floor
And all the building drummed with syncope
He sawed and measured calmly; but I noted
That still with saw and jaw he kept the time,
Rocking the steel in rhythm with that yammer,
That droning blend of honey and percussion,
Partly nitro, partly glycerine. . . .
Perhaps there is some kind of parallel
Between him and us all. Oh, I don't know—
Analogy's a little silver fish
That slips too easily through the net of words.

And so you'll hear no more of Toulemonde
Who made himself a motley to the view.
He's safe, he's safe in silence; and the film,
The brittle hurrying ribbon of his thought
That carried in its sentient gelatine
All sunlights and all darknesses he knew,
Is safe in acid, in the ruddy gloom—
Such color as the curtained bee would know
Drowsed in the bedstead of a crimson rose,
Such color as the vineyard speck might swim
Deepened in the full Burgundian glass,
Such color as the unborn Juliet felt
Nursed in the reddest vein of Shakespeare's heart.
Cold acid and warm color keep him safe,
He need not fear the White Light of the world.

He had no pride, you say. No, merely wished
To do what even God can hardly do,
Put two and two together and make three.
The alternative to love, he once remarked,
Is never hatred; no, but more love still.
It can't be proved, and so—
X marks the spot
Where he heard chipmunks dancing in the wall.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The leaflet which is given to all persons wishing to avail themselves of the service of the American Library in Paris, or inquiring as to its origin and purpose, states that its principal object is "to become the recognized center of information about America for Europeans, to promote among students, journalists, and men-of-letters in Europe a closer acquaintance with American literature, institutions, and thought, and to supplement by its collections the meagre supply of American books available to European readers.

"It is this function which its founders had principally in mind when they labored to convert it from a war library organized to serve the men of the American army to a permanent institution organized to serve the students of Europe. It is this function which, more than any other, justifies its existence. To stand as a sort of bridge-head of American culture (to quote Mr. Roland-Marcel), to act as an interpreter of the New World to the Old, to place at the disposal of every teacher, every scholar, every publicist in Europe the best literature upon any American subject in which he may be interested—here, surely, is a service of the most far-reaching importance.

"And one thing should be noted: this is, of course, a service of extreme value to these students and teachers, but it is, in far greater degree, a service to the United States in correcting misconceptions, in preventing misunderstandings, and in promoting a better knowledge of American life and thought. If such a service was ever needed it is now, when American purposes and ideals are being subjected, throughout the world, to a scrutiny at once searching and ironic!"

What is perhaps the most comprehensive study of Bolshevist Russia to be published outside of Russia itself is the large and lavishly illustrated volume entitled "Geist und Gesicht des Bolschewismus" (Vienna: Amalthea Verlag), by Rene Fülöp-Miller. The book presents a panoramic survey of political, social, economic, philosophical, and educational conditions in Russia, based on first-hand observations and a wide acquaintance with the literature of the subject.

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Books of Special Interest

A Reporter at Large

THAT'S NEW YORK. By MORRIS MARKEY and JOHANN BULL. New York: Macy-Masius. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by DUDLEY NICHOLS

WHEN a newspaper man has turned the last page of this volume his eye goes hunting back instinctively to that part of the foreword which arrested his entering glance: "You told me . . . to be honest at whatever cost . . . I had written for newspapers and newspaper writers can never be wholly honest, no matter what their editors say, for the reason that they can never allow themselves to be bored, or indifferent, or excited, or angry, or to forget the caution instilled into them by the fear of violating good taste. . . ."

Mr. Markey, let it be said, is addressing this dedicatory letter to Mr. Harold Ross of *The New Yorker*, where his pieces first appeared under the heading, one believes, of A Reporter at Large. While there is a large share of truth in what he says, as quoted, certainly it would not stand as a generalization, without exception. Nor should it be assumed that newspaper writers, as a class, are dying to be honest. They are mainly dying to get along. They are dying for by-lines and salary contracts and public esteem. Only artists and martyrs are dying for honesty and truth. But what Mr. Markey has more likely in mind is candor, rather than strict honesty, and his challenge to newspaper men makes them wonder, no doubt, to what new frontiers of candor and honesty he has pushed under the liberating command of Mr. Ross. His piece on Frank A. Munsey appears to be the only one which would not freely have been published by American newspapers. Mr. Markey merely tells the plain facts about Mr. Munsey . . .

> He was a greengrocer, cast by chance into the newspaper business. He broke men and he broke high-spirited enterprises. And his only contributions to journalism were a timidity in the face of truth, a dulling of imaginative vigor . . . and a subservience to the stalest ideals of the mediocre.

Even newspaper proprietors who detested Munsey's dull Midan view of things hesitated, on the occasion of his death, which was the only occasion for talking about him, to speak their minds. *Nil nisi bonum* is no mere Latin tag. It is impressed upon our very chromosomes and if it is to go, no single generation will be strong enough to rub it out. Even so honest an artist as Poe echoed it.

As for Mr. Markey's pieces in general, about gangs, the East Side, Chinatown, Harlem, the Stock Exchange, courts of law, the races, Gene Tunney, Earl Carroll, Gertrude Ederle, Jimmy Walker, the Rialto, or revival meetings, there is nothing visible which could not have appeared, let us say, in the New York *World*, in its appropriate place. It is not for his honesty we shall laud him, but for his accuracy, which is another thing, and his keenness of eye and ear, his imaginative insight. The business of a reporter is to report and we are curious to know what he has "brought back" from his metropolitan roamings at large. Sometimes he gives a mere photograph, as in his description of the Vesey Street evangelist; sometimes a forthright presentation of facts, as in his piece on Munsey; and sometimes he is shrewdly penetrating, as in his interview with Tunney. But the idea dawns that he has chosen one of the best and simplest methods of catching the great whale wherein we all dwell, Jonah-like. A line here and a line there, a fishhook into Harlem and a fishhook into Chinatown—and presently the whole monster begins to play to our rods.

Finally, Mr. Markey's fishing tackle is neat and not gaudy. And if he has any moral commitments, he does not inflict them on the reader. He simply gives you the picture, which is what every good reporter should do. And that is frequently as much as we can stand, as, for example, when he swiftly sketches Tombs prison during visiting hours, with the free and the caught all madly shouting through the double lattice-work . . .

> Farther along a burly fellow was succeeding in browbeating his girl. It was preposterous, of course, that he could ignore his own impotence and the clamor of shouted emotions all about him. But he did.
>
> "Don't you forget!" he bawled. "Don't you forget, hear? You'll see—I'll fix you, all right!"
>
> For all the sign they gave, they might have been quite alone and with no bars between them. For she cringed and called back to him, very tearfully: "All right, Joey. I got you, Joey!"

Georgian Homes

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA. Edited by ALBERT SIMONS and SAMUEL LAPHAM, JR. New York: Press of the American Institute of Architects. 1927. $20.

Reviewed by JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY

THE Octagon Library of Early American Architecture promises to be one of the most important and complete of American publications. Twenty volumes are proposed, arranging in one series all the scattered records of early building in this country, and collecting material, presumably copious, that has never been recorded. With the spread in recent years of general interest in architecture, the necessity has grown for some work ass mbling photographs and particulars of early American buildings. Now that the people of the United States have behind them more than three hundred years in the New World, they are becoming more and more conscious of themselves as a nation and as an entity, and nothing contributes so much to their feeling of being rooted here, or assures them so firmly of the permanence of that feeling, as the evidence surviving in wood and stone of the procession of generations.

Charleston is the subject of the first volume published. The exposition of material for study and impartial criticism of the various styles of architecture could not be better done than with the assemblage of excellent photographs and short, unpersuasive text. The text is reduced to about seventeen pages, and consists of an introduction by Samuel Gaillard Stoney on the lives and occupations of the people around which the town was built, and of a few pages by Messrs. Simons and Lapham, editors of the volume, prefacing each of the three periods into which they divide the houses of Charleston,—the pre-Revolutionary, the post-Revolutionary, and the ante-bellum periods. These clearly expressed and instructive prefaces relate the changes, social and economic, that are reflected in building, and point out the main trend and outstanding characteristics of each period. They discuss the building materials of the time, and contribute a word on the long-neglected architects of early days to whom Charleston houses owe their fine proportions and elaborate details. Gabriel Manigault,—his handsome portrait by Gilbert Stuart forms the frontispiece of the book,—the Horlbeck brothers, and other men whose artistic sense and craftsmanship have been thus far unhonored, get here the recognition due their contributions. The names of all these gentlemen are given with their dates, the names of the firms with which they practiced, the buildings identified as their executions, and photographs of their signatures. Parenthetically, the editors tell a fascinating story of how they ran these signatures to earth,—one in the debris of a Negro second-hand shop, one on a memorandum which was evidently mislaid by the architect and which sank from sight for a hundred and fifty years between the pages of an old book drowned deeper than did ever plummet sound in the depths of the Charleston Library.

The volume under review is one to rejoice architects and collectors, but it is also a book for the amateur in old houses, who will find his knowledge of the subject broadened by a study and comparison of the photographs, and from the consideration of how the circumstances of a people's life can be reconstructed from their homes and churches by whomsoever has sufficient imagination. Truly an engaging hobby. also it is interesting to those familiar with the Georgian architecture of New England and the middle Atlantic states to observe how the climate has played variations on the imported Georgian style, differentiating the southern types from the adaptations of more northern climates,—for instance in the three-tiered piazzas to the south to keep off the day-long sunlight so sought-after in colder latitudes, in the high-ceiled rooms, and in the openings arranged with a view to the freest passage of draughts.

The bulk of the book is given up to the two hundred and thirty odd large and unusually clear photographs of dwelling-houses and public buildings. The pictures of interior details come out especially well. There are a number of measured drawings and plans and several photographs of old maps of the city at different periods.

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Measurement of stars, the invention and use of the interferometer, important research in the subject of light have all demonstrated Dr. Michelson's great genius as a physicist. His scientific achievements are of the first rank and are renowned throughout the scientific world. In his new book, just published this month, he describes in detail the methods used in his more important experiments.

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Foreign Literature

A Guide to Paris Life

PARIS-GUIDE. Paris: Editions George Crès et Cie. 1926.

Reviewed by AMELIA V. ENDE

FIFTY years ago, on the eve of the great Exposition of 1867 which showed France of the Second Empire at the zenith of her splendor, there appeared a work in two volumes of together over three thousand pages, with one hundred and twelve illustrations, called Paris-Guide. Victor Hugo was the author of the introduction, which promised to set forth in this publication

> the divers aspects of Paris, monumental, intellectual, and vital, summarized udner three points of view: science, art, and life. The first volume comprises science and art which can no longer be separated; the second, the multiform, varied, abundant life of Paris in Paris, and of Paris in the world.

The two gigantic tomes, long out of print, can be consulted at the Bibliothèque Nationale. What memories they evoke with their articles by Gautier and Taine on museums and art schools, Dumas *fils* on the stage, Renan on the Institut, Sainte-Beuve on the Académie, and others of equal calibre!

For fifty years no book of this kind appeared in France. For three years after that Exposition came the débâcle of 1870-71; then the uphill struggles of the Third Republic; and when the country had just reached a certain stage of political stability —the Great War! But out of this last crucial crisis Paris issued more than ever *sans pair*, as ancient travelers were wont to say; for today it attracts a larger number of visitors from all over the world than the most patriotic Frenchman of fifty years ago dared to dream of, and has even a surprisingly large number of permanent residents of foreign birth.

No doubt the closer ties between France and America which followed the great cataclysm of 1914-18 and the multitude of foreign students who seek in Paris an inspiration and an "atmosphere" which they miss at home, are responsible for the publication of a book under the same title as the two ponderous volumes sponsored by Victor Hugo. Yet the new "Guide" can hardly be considered a continuation of the old. It is planned from a more modern standpoint and compiled with the view of filling the requirements of a very different world—one that lives at a far more rapid tempo and wants its information to be offered in the most condensed, time-saving form. It presents in four hundred and forty pages a picture of Paris life as it is today, and suggests to the few readers who are familiar with its predecessor at the Bibliothèque most interesting comparisons.

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To the increasing number of foreign visitors who seek in Paris not only a unique show- and shopping-place, but a cultural centre and historical landmark, who are not satisfied with the scintillating surface of the Rue de la Paix and the titillating amusements of Montmartre, but set out to probe the depths and get an insight into the life of the people, intellectual, spiritual, and social, this book is a mine of valuable information. The data contained therein were compiled by men who are themselves a part of Paris; and many of the chapters into which these data are grouped have a charm of style rarely found in books classified as "guide books."

The introduction by M. Hanotaux is an example of this graceful manner of conveying information. After a colorful panoramic survey of the Paris known to every tourist, that of the Champs Elysées, the Tuileries, the Louvre, the Invalides, the Concorde, Montmartre, etc., he strikes a new note. He bids us leave the world of luxury and entertainment, even the museums, theatres, and churches, for a world of narrow alleys and poor tenements, and points to the Paris that by its labor clothes, feeds, and provides the luxuries of countless thousands:

> Look at the little woman working until dawn in an ice-cold room: salute her—she is a queen, her name is La Mode.

He points to the Halles, the great market where at night the stockyards, barnyards, and market gardens of the environs unload their products which before the morning passes into noon disappear in what Zola has called the "Ventre de Paris." If this side of Paris life had had the same space allotted to it as those features which are treated in its four hundred odd pages, the work would easily have reached the compass of its ancestor of fifty years ago.

The scope and spirit of the book is best indicated by a brief glance at the chapters into which it is divided and their authors. The clubs or *cercles* of Paris are written up by the Comte de Vogue, the diplomatic world by M. de Fouquières, the Salons by Comte Etienne de Beaumont, and M. Firmin Roz has compiled useful data and suggestions for those who would get into touch with these groups which represent the "society" of Paris. A most fascinating contribution by M. André Hallaye is entitled "Aspects de Paris." He succeeds in presenting a brief but vivid sketch of that part of the city which, as Victor Hugo has pointed out, has the form of a cradle and was in reality the cradle of Paris: the island on which Notre Dame, the Sainte Chapelle, and the Palais de Justice are situated. It is followed by a no less interesting picture of the Marais, to which can especially be applied the words of Goethe about the "universal city, where at every street corner a fragment of history has been acted." Those two papers and that on Historical Houses by the Comte de Andigne, should be of vital interest to a student of French history, eager to saturate his mind with that atmosphere which makes so many old houses of that city alive with the spirit of the past, though long since invaded by modern commerce and industry. They recall the reviewer's wanderings through old Paris, so stimulating to the imagination that chapters of its history seemed to be visualized and reacted in this their original setting.

⁂

Outstanding among the various contributions by prominent writers are those by René Dumesnil on the Dance and the Ballet, Maurice Donnay on the Theatre Français, M. Antoine on the theatre of the vanguard, Camille Mauclair on literary *milieus*, the late Vincent d'Indy on music, and Louis Gillet on art. Of delightful French flavor is the XIX. chapter in which M. Edmond Pilon writes of the environs of Paris. As the real Parisians who can afford it leave Paris at the annual influx of the tourists, the obvious question: Where do they go? is answered by M. Henri Bordeaux who writes on the mountains of France and M. Charles le Goffic who deals with the seacoast. An autumn trip to the Chateaux is outlined for the benefit of the visitors by M. de Nolhac, while Marcelle Tinayre writes of the Provence and M. Louis Bertrand of Algiers as winter resorts. The rest of the book contains practical suggestions for travelers.

Furnished with this unique book, the French-reading student contemplating a prolonged sojourn in Paris, and especially the writer in search of reliable data will need no other guide. It will probably be years before another edition of this work will appear on the market. But the features of Paris treated within its covers are not likely to change. Europe is not so ruthless in obliterating landmarks of the past, however modest, as is America. The *grand bourdon* of Notre Dame will continue for generations to come to ring in Easter; the slender spire of the Sainte Chapelle to point upward to regions far beyond the vulgar traffic of our commercialized world. Perhaps the present desire for mutual understanding, which accounts for the fact that this book was published under the auspices of the Comte France-Amerique, will some time—though it may now seem far away—culminate in the realization of the prophesy of Victor Hugo, contained in an autograph which can be seen on a wall of the room in which he died, in the house on the Place des Vosges:

> I represent a party which does not yet exist:
> the party of revolution, civilization.
> This party will make the twentieth century.
> There will issue from it first
> the United States of Europe, then
> the United States of the World.

"A Historical Sketch of Bookbinding as an Art," by M. K. Dutton, published by the Holliston Mills of Norwood, Mass., gives just the information that the young collector who is getting interested in bibliopegy, or the general reader who wants to know something about the bindings of books, will find helpful.

the Jungle

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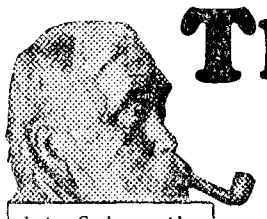

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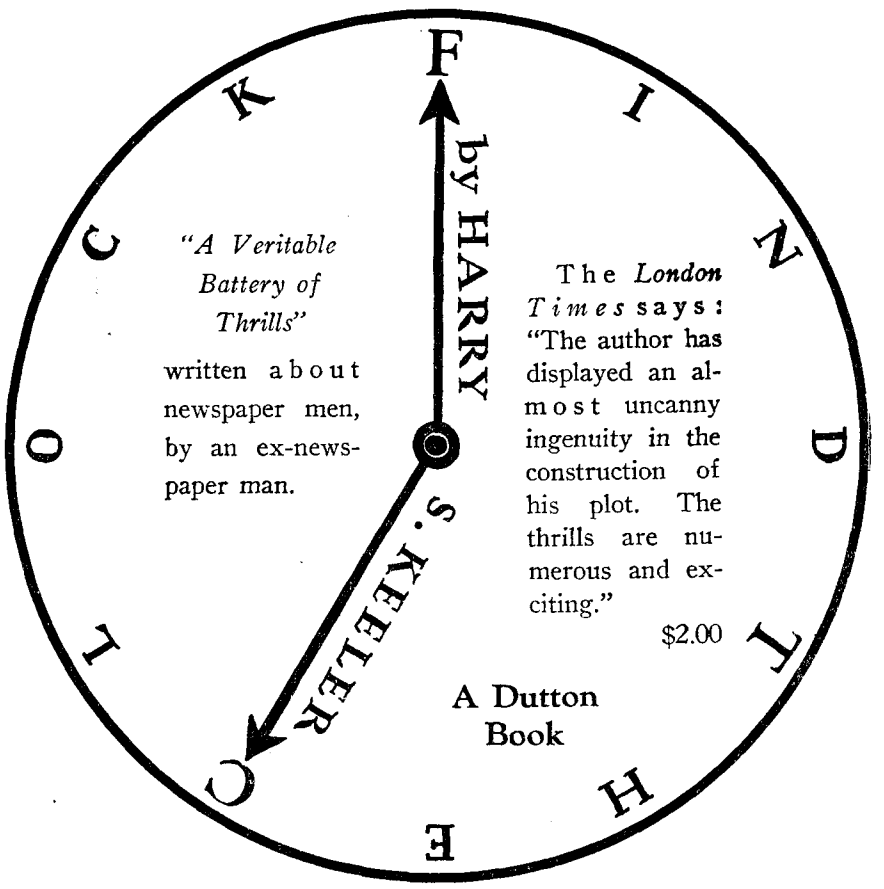

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Points of View

Mr. Ward Demurs

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I suppose that replying to reviews of one's books is the acme of futility, something like cussing a train you've missed, but allow me briefly to comment on Mrs. Frank's review of my "Starling" in your issue of May 21.

It is a cleverly written review. The reviewer dexterously flicks the carefully selected tender spots with accurate lash by quoting a few possibly questionable phrases offered as fair samples of the whole work. She quotes, for instance, "Eyes bright with unshed tears." Well, that's a bit hackneyed. The criticism might be valid—if the phrase were anywhere in the book. Does the fact that it isn't mitigate the offense? It ought to.

But I gather that Mrs. Frank would not have been so caustic had she agreed with what she calls "the burden of the tale—the rights of children in loveless marriages." She seems to think that I think such children have some rights. I do. And I think a recognition of these rights by the parents often renders loveless marriages indissoluble. I think, also, that parents, without any mental concept of such "rights," often endure each other solely because of simple love of their children, from whom they—weakly, perhaps, in the view of the more strongminded—cannot bear to be parted. If the tale has any "burden," this is it.

But Mrs. Frank thinks this view of the parental relation is "naïve," that the "sociology" and the "biology" of the story are "naïve," that it "takes one straight back to those prehistoric days before Nora slammed the door." Evidently, then, the slamming of that door was cataclysmic. It scrapped the old "sociology" and "biology." It obliterated parental love as a controlling force in the marital relation. She will pardon me if I smile at the naïvete of that opinion.

Ibsen didn't change human nature, no, not really, Mrs. Frank. The crash of the slammed door may still reverberate in the ears of the mismated, but parents still love their children more than they love themselves, Mrs. Frank, as a rule, they really do, "modern women" to the contrary notwithstanding.

And the "biology"—"prehistoric," also, eh? Do tell! Has "modern woman" changed that, too? So ectogenesis is an accomplished fact? I ask to know.

I might close this by asking how come my principal girl to have been "*née* Cynthia," as Mrs. Frank says she was. I didn't know she had been prenatally christened. But I dare place no limit to the innovations of "modern women" in either "biology" or the use of language.

CHRISTOPHER WARD.

Wilmington, Delaware.

Julian Green

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Mr. Bernard Fay, in your issue of June 18th, writes in high praise of Julian Green, the young American who has made such a brilliant beginning as one of France's great novelists.

Concerning Mr. Fay's estimate of Julian Green, I have no disagreement; but I do wish to make one correction of fact: Julian Green attended the University of Virginia, not the University of South Carolina, and it was at the University of Virginia that the young novelist formed his first opinions of Americans of his own age in their natural surroundings. If he made any decisions concerning the *esprit Française* or the *esprit Americain* they were made in and about this University.

Personally, I very much doubt the mental processes suggested in Mr. Fay's article: Julian Green did not, I believe, make any deep comparisons between France and America as the proper ground for his literary activity. His processes were, in all probability, highly touched with emotion and not scientific mental comparisons. It was a well-known fact, even during Julian Green's last year at the University of Virginia, that he was homesick for the life that he had known in Paris, even though he found the university to have an "intelligent and really mystic atmosphere."

Enjoying the individuality and personal liberty which is probably more present at this university than at any other American institution, Julian Green was very much held, nevertheless, by that previous French experience, whatever it may have been. People who knew him at Virginia, and people whose only contact with him was a common atmosphere, feel that it is a delight as well as a thing to be astounded at that Julian Green has achieved such brilliance; but I do not think they will agree with your contributor in his feeling that America is entirely the father of Julian Green's mind.

In all events, it is very excellent to hear of a young writer that is something more than a ex-patriate attached to some pitiful little magazine of the "latest in literature." Julian Green has walked forth like a young god trying on his sandals, and not like a little drummer of the unimportant.

LAWRENCE LEE.

James Ford Rhodes

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Since the family of the late James Ford Rhodes has entrusted me with the responsibility of preparing a biography of the historian of the United States from the Compromise of 1850, I am seeking to bring together all the available letters from him which might throw light upon his life and work. If any persons possessing such letters will be good enough to send them to me at 26 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass., for examination with reference to this undertaking, the originals will be carefully returned after the copying of the passages that may lend themselves to biographical uses. Copies will of course be welcome from those who prefer not to commit the originals to the mails.

The help thus sought from Mr. Rhodes's correspondents, American, English, and Continental, will be warmly appreciated.

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.

Boston, Mass.

Oriental Poetry

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I am anxious to discover what is the earliest poem by an American on a Chinese or Japanese subject, and write to you in the hope that some of your readers can assist me in solving this question. As far as I have been able to find out, Richard Henry Stoddard's "Serenade of Ma-Han-Shan [China]," published in "Songs of Summer," 1857, is the earliest American poem of this kind. It is composed, oddly enough, in the "unrhymed cadence" of Amy Lowell which has since become fashionable for the poetical interpretation of the Far East. This is the first of Stoddard's three stanzas:

Come to the window now, beautiful Yu Ying!
The new moon is rising, white as the shell of a pearl.
Your honored father and brother
And the guests are still at table,
Tipping the golden bottles,
But I have stolen to you!
The rose looks over the wall
To see who passes near:
Look out of the window, you,
And see who waits below.
I am a mandarin: my plume is a pheasant's feather:
The lady who marries me may live at court if she likes.

Other poems on Chinese subjects, including paraphrased translations in blank-verse or rhyme, appeared in Stoddard's "Book of the East," 1867. But a fragment of a letter from George Henry Boker, dated June 1850, and quoted by Stoddard in his "Recollections," indicates that the composition of some of his Chinese verses antedates considerably the publication of "Songs of Summer." Boker wrote:

"I am delighted to hear that you are engaged in writing songs for the Chinese. How do the Celestials like your poetry? Have you a large and appreciative set of readers in the Central Flowery Land? Do they sing your songs at Pekin? And are they set to gongs, or to those small bells of silver in which the natives do most delight?"

WILLIAM LEONARD SCHWARTZ.

Stanford University.

Several Anthony Trollope items are included in the interesting catalogue of R. Fletcher, Ltd., 23 New Oxford Street, London. Trollope is one of the Victorian authors whose works are now going steadily in value owing to his increasing popularity on both sides of the Atlantic among collectors. Much of the revived interest in Trollope is due to the writings of Michael Sadleir.

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A	Ass	American	Andy	Astor	Atlanta
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The New Books

Art

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THE ARCHITECTURE OF ANCIENT ROME. By *William J. Anderson* and *R. Phené Spiers.* Revised and rewritten by *Thomas Ashby.* Scribners. $7.50.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF ANCIENT GREECE. By *William J. Anderson* and *R. Phené Spiers.* Revised and rewritten by *William Bell Dinsmore.* Scribners. $7.50.

PORTRAITS OF JEWS. By *Hannah R. London.* Rudge.

A HISTORY OF ITALIAN PAINTING. By *Oliver S. Tonks.* Appleton. $4.

Belles Lettres

ESSAYS ON OLD LONDON. By *Sydney Perks.* Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

SMOLLETT AS POET. By *Howard Swazey Buck.* Yale University Press. $1.50.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. By *Samuel Asa Small.* Johns Hopkins Press.

THE SPIRIT OF '76. By *Carl Becker, J. W. Clark,* and *William E. Dodd.* Washington: Robert Brookings Graduate School.

ONE WORD MORE ON BROWNING. By *Frances Theresa Russell.* Stanford University Press.

DRIFTWOOD. By *Walter Gaston Shotwell.* Longmans, Green. $2.50.

THE ENGLISH NOVEL. By *Alan C. Valentine.* Oxford University Press. $1.

APULEIUS AND HIS INFLUENCE. By *Elizabeth Haxleton Haight.* Longmans, Green. $1.75.

THE MODERNITY OF MILTON. By *Martin A. Larson.* University of Chicago Press. $2.75.

Biography

CHARLES LINDBERGH: HIS LIFE. By DALE VAN EVERY and MORRIS DEHAVEN TRACY. Appleton. 1927. $2.

Most truly in Lindbergh's case the child was father of the man. For the Charles Lindbergh who in young manhood stirred two continents as nothing since the signing of the Armistice had moved them, in boyhood had already shown the direction of his interest when he slung his bicycle in the topmost branches of a tree and sat on it by the hour pretending he was flying. There was nothing fortuitous about his flight from New York to Paris, for all the earnestness of a determined nature and the meticulous precision of a conscientious and scrupulous student of aviation went to the making of its success. From the moment when "Slim" Lindbergh first took to the air to the instant when his landing at Le Bourget carried him to fame he bent all the energies of his mind and body to mastering the art of flying. His fellow students, his instructors, his friends all testify to the single-mindedness with which he applied himself to his chosen profession, and to the exactitude and caution which he consistently practiced. The same care and foresight which made possible his glorious adventure from the beginning went into his work. And the modesty which lent so charming an aureole to the youthful hero of two worlds was apparently as ingrown as the daring and skill which it so admirably set off.

The authors of this life of Lindbergh, working with an immense mass of detail, and under the pressure of time, have turned out a creditable volume, free from fulsomeness of praise and sentimentality. The life they have chronicled except for its one supreme achievement has been an uneventful one, and the significance of its incidents is rather in their bearing on the aviator's conduct of his flight than in their intrinsic interest. A homespun American youth, of good family and traditions, dowered with courage and prudence to a superlative degree, with the imagination to dream and the daring to achieve a deed for which the ancients would have raised him to the immortals, Charles Lindbergh is in nothing perhaps more admirable than in that he could enter on his trans-Atlantic flight with a modesty that caused him to take letters of introduction to Paris and return from it with no less winning demeanor than he went.

FLAUBERT'S YOUTH. By *Lewis Piaget Shanks.* Johns Hopkins Press. $2.25.

THE LIGHT OF EXPERIENCE. By *Sir Francis Younghusband.* Houghton Mifflin. $4.

BISMARCK, ANDRASSY, AND THEIR SUCCESSORS. By *Count Julius Andrássy.* Houghton Mifflin.

OLD STICK-LEG. Arranged and edited by *Brig. Gen. H. H. Austin.* Dial. $3.50.

JOHN SARGENT. By *Evan Charteris.* Scribners. $6.

A NEW-ENGLANDER IN JAPAN. By *Evarts B. Greene.* Houghton Mifflin. $15.

MEMOIRS OF CATHERINE THE GREAT OF RUSSIA. Translated by *Katharine Anthony.* Knopf. $5.

TSENG KUO-FAN AND THE TAIPING REBELLION. By *William James Hail.* Yale University Press. $4.

FROM BISMARCK TO THE WORLD WAR. By *Erich Brandenburg.* Translated by Annie Elizabeth Adams. Oxford University Press. $7.

THE OPINIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF NAPOLEON. Edited by *Lewis Claflin Breed.* Four Seas Company. $5 net.

BALZAC. By *René Benjamin.* Knopf.

THE LIFE OF LIEUT. GEN. SIR PRATAP SINGH. By *R. B. Van Wart.* Oxford University Press. $4.25.

STRAWBERRY HILL ACCOUNTS KEPT BY HORACE WALPOLE. Edited by *Paget Toynbee.* Oxford University Press. $25.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY AND THE JOURNAL TO ELIZA. By *Laurence Sterne.* (Everyman's Library.) Dutton. 80 cents.

Drama

THE ART OF PANTOMIME. By *Charles Aubert.* Holt.

STAGE ANTIQUITIES OF THE GREEKS AND ROMANS AND THEIR INFLUENCE. By *James Turney Allen.* Longmans, Green. $2.

SPREAD EAGLE. By *George S. Brooks* and *Walter B. Lister.* Scribners. $1.75.

AN INTRODUCTION TO DRAMA. By *Jay B. Hubbell* and *John O. Beaty.* Macmillan.

Economics

THE THEORY OF THE LEISURE CLASS. By *Thorstein Veblen.* Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

WHAT'S SO AND WHAT ISN'T. By *John M. Work.* Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

THE CONQUEST OF BREAD. By *Peter Kropotkin.* Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

THE CONDITIONS OF INDUSTRIAL PEACE. By *J. A. Hobson.* Macmillan.

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS IN THE CHICAGO BUILDING TRADES. By *R. E. Montgomery.* University of Chicago Press. $3.

GENERAL ECONOMIC HISTORY. By *Max Weber.* Greenberg. $3.50.

Education

EDUCATION IN UTOPIAS. By *Gildo Masso.* Bureau of Publications, Teachers' College, Columbia University.

DO AMERICANS REALLY VALUE EDUCATION? By *Abraham Flexner.* Harvard University Press.

MODERN EXPERIMENTAL CHEMISTRY. By *Herbert R. Smith* and *Harry M. Mess.* Holt.

NEW YORK AT SCHOOL. By *Josephine Chase.* Public Education Association. $1.50.

Fiction

VANNECK. By ROBERT GRANT. Dutton. 1927. $2.50.

This is an inconsequential sort of novel, making no compromise with probability. It belongs to the vacation class of literature guaranteed to take the mind off business. An English youth of twenty-two, heavily in debt and quite out of parental favor, accepts a business berth in Alexandria (Egypt, not Virginia), for which he has no qualifications and of which he has no understanding. On the voyage out he meets a beautiful, blue-eyed lady with whom he promptly falls in love; a lean and lank American, whose English is even worse than she is usually spoke on our native shores, of whom he makes a valuable friend; and a lemon-colored Spanish Don, of whom he makes a thorough and rather artistic enemy. There is a glorious fist-fight on shipboard as accurately portrayed as could have been done by the movies, followed by races, abductions, and incarcerations to the heart's desire. There is no lack of variety in the cast, including, as it does, howling—not whirling—dervishes, scorpion-eaters, a three hundred and fifty pound lady dedicated to the *dance du ventre,* a prize eunuch, a Pasha or two with wives, an erotic female novelist, and what-not, if any. The story runs lightly and happily along and ends in the same way without at all pretending to be anything more than it is.

UNKIND STAR. By *Nancy Hoyt.* Knopf. $2.50.

THE MATING CALL. By *Rex Beach.* Harpers. $2.

IN THE PATH OF THE STORM. By *James R. Franklin.* Dutton. $2.50.

IL PENTAMERONE. By *Giambattista Basile.* Translated by *Sir Richard Burton.* Boni & Liveright. $3.50.

TERROR KEYS. By *Edgar Wallace.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

GERFALCON. By *Leslie Barringer.* Doubleday, Page.

(*Continued on next page*)

The AMEN CORNER

WHAT READER of taste does not delight in coming upon an out-of-the-way masterpiece? Such discoveries are all too rare; and, when they are charming as well as genuine, the fortunate finder may congratulate himself. A few years ago, John Beresford discovered *The Diary of James Woodforde,*(1) an English country parson of the Eighteenth Century. The first volume of the diary was hailed with enthusiasm by men like J. C. Squire, Leonard Woolf, St. Loe Strachey and William Lyon Phelps. The second volume proved equally delightful; the third, just published, is probably the richest in both human and historical significance. The Oxonian bets his last year's Panama you cannot read it without chuckles of delight!

Dining in Woodforde's day was a serious business. As one reads his casual record of gastronomic feats, one is lost in admiration of the hardihood of our ancestors. Here is a menu typical of those which this country parson offers in Volume III.

"We gave the Company for Dinner some Fish and Oyster Sauce, a nice Piece of Boiled Beef, a fine Neck of Pork rosted and Apple Sauce, some hashed Turkey, Mutton Stakes, Sallad &c, a wild Duck rosted, fryded Rabbits, a plumb Pudding and some Tartlets. Desert, some Olives, Nutts, Almond, and Raisins and Apples. The whole company were pleased with their Dinner &c. Considering we had not above 3 Hours notice of their coming we did very well in that short time."

HERE ARE random notes of recent reading and future literary plums. No Light-Hearted Bibliophile will fail to examine all of these, if he takes his light heart seriously.

Though removed from his province, the Oxonian must mention the best prize-ring story he has ever read. This is by Ernest Hemingway, in the Atlantic Monthly for July....The Oxford University Press has just published an excellent summary of *China and the Foreign Powers.*(2) Sir Frederick Whyte is the author, and the Royal Institute of International Affairs the sponsor. The narrative is simple and clear, and essential documents are printed in full.... *The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple,*(3) by Charles Lamb, is a beautifully printed and illustrated small quarto limited to 600 copies—a collector's book of the first water, although of general interest, too. . . . Volume II (Rome) of M. Rostovtzeff's *History of the Ancient World,*(4) is as good as Volume I in every way—the highest praise one could offer a history! . . . Jäckh's *New Germany,*(5) which Oswald Garrison Villard has read with approval, tells more about post-war Germany than one can find elsewhere in half a dozen treatises. These lectures were delivered before the Geneva School of International Studies. . . . The Oxford Press will soon publish for the British Museum a beautiful quarto edition of *Sir Francis Drake's Voyage Round the World,*(6) illustrated by two contemporary maps. . . . Interest in *The Garrick Diary*(7) ever increases, and advance orders are being taken. We have seen the proposed type and binding, and it will indeed be a pretty book. Miss Alexander, the editor, will indeed make an effective entrance into the literary world! . . . We have a feeling that *The Legacy of Israel*(8) will be the best and most popular of the remarkable Legacy Series. An early reading will help you to dominate at dinners, as the culture vendors put it. . . . Even booksellers appreciate a handsome book. They have surprised us by their appreciation of the *Croce Autobiography.*(9)...We never realized until the other day how exciting a book is Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees.*(10) The editor of the critical edition is F. B. Kaye, Professor at Northwestern University. His introduction leaves little to be desired. . . . The appearance of Barker Fairley's critical book on *Charles M. Doughty*(11) is timely, so soon after "Revolt in the Desert." Doughty was the Lawrence of a previous generation, and a poet in the bargain. His *Dawn in Britain* should be better known, and will be when better understood.

TWO WEEKS ago the Oxonian made a halting excursion through fields of poetry. Pamela was scornful, and said unkind things (doubtless justified), but Young Harvard, inspired to turn again to Omar, offers us this:

> And much as Books have served to beggar me
> And rob me of my roll of dollars—Well,
> I wonder often what the Oxford Press can buy
> One half so precious as the books they sell.
>
> —THE OXONIAN.

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The New Books

History

(*Continued from preceding page*)

A HUNDRED WONDERFUL YEARS. By MRS. C. S. PEEL. Dodd, Mead. 1927.

Seen in perspective a century presents aspects of quaintness not all of which inhere in its earlier years. Nothing, perhaps, is more striking in Mrs. Peel's book than the evidence it presents that in fashions at least fifteen years quite as completely outmode a style and invest it with elements of the ludicrous or picturesque as a hundred, or two, or three, for the matter of that. The women who on the eve of the World War were wearing skirts drawn tight about their ankles and hats with plumes jutting out to perilous length, look quite as absurd as their mothers of the mid-Victorian period or their grandmothers of the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. Our taste is as truly the slave of fashions as ourselves.

Mrs. Peel's chronicle, which is an account of social and domestic life in England from 1820 to 1920, is an engaging narrative, not very searching, not always discriminating, but generally entertaining, and if on the whole superficial nevertheless informing. Its most interesting portion is the summing up of the years before the development of transportation facilities and the growth of an educational conscience had turned the England of post-Napoleonic days into the England of the present. The "right little, tight little island" of the first half of the century was still the land of postchaises and postillions, of postage rates so high that letters were crossed and crisscrossed, of sickly looking, ill-clothed bank clerks and unhappy, exploited children, of houses dimly lighted by candles or oil lamps, of dinners at which gentlemen drank themselves under the table and women accounted unpunctuality a sin, of an easy-going, comfortable life for the rich, and grinding misery for the poor. Its manners and customs in the main were those of today, but there were divergences enough in the social code of the first two-thirds of the nineteenth century from that of the present day to lend piquancy to Mrs. Peel's portrayal of the earlier time. For the older reader her chronicle will have the appeal of reminiscences that awaken slumbering memories while for the younger it will have an antiquarian interest. The book contains a large number of well-selected and fascinating illustrations.

A HISTORY OF EUROPE. By *Terne L. Plunket* and *R. B. Mowat*. Oxford University Press. $3.

INDIA'S PAST. By *A. A. Macdonell*. Oxford University Press. $3.75.

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G. P. Putnam's Sons—New York

OXFORD STUDIES IN SOCIAL AND LEGAL HISTORY. *Vol. IX. The Social Structure of Medieval East Africa*. By *David C. Douglas*. Oxford University Press.

STUDIES IN THE LAND REVENUE HISTORY OF BENGAL. By *R. B. Ramsbotham*. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

A HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT WORLD. By *W. Rostovtzeff*. Vol. II. Rome: Oxford University Press. $5.

LINCOLN LETTERS IN THE LIBRARY OF BROWN UNIVERSITY AND OTHER PROVIDENCE LIBRARIES. Providence: Brown University Library.

SUNRISE IN THE WEST. By *Adrian Stokes*. Harpers. $3.

PARLIAMENT AND WAR. By *Francis R. Flournoy*. London: King.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF VERMONT. By *Henry Steele Wardner*. Scribners.

CHINESE POLITICAL THOUGHT. By *Elbert Duncan Thomas*. Prentice Hall. $5.

Miscellaneous

MY GARDEN OF DREAMS. By ERNEST P. FEWSTER. Ottawa: The Graphic Publishers. 1926. $2.

This book about flowers is decorated in a rather stereotyped manner by Mr. Ernest W. Harrold of Ottawa, a well-known Canadian newspaper man. The essays contain a certain amount of information about lilacs, roses, hyacinths, erysimum, lilies, Canterbury bells, and so on. They are written in dreamy, rather sentimental style, with a conjuring up of the backgrounds and civilizations that meditation upon the flowers recalls, and with asides upon the homely intrusion of a neighbor. Rather watered David-Grayson-in-a-garden. But the book is a pleasant, though slight one, for garden-lovers.

GARDEN BOOKS OLD AND NEW. Compiled by MARY EVANS. Pennsylvania Horticultural Society. 1927.

Miss Evans's little book is enough to make the pent-in city dweller sigh with envy, mere catalogue though it is. For its list of volumes opens up alluring vistas of lawns and flower beds and vine covered walls and is fairly redolent of the plants that it enumerates. It consists of a list of books bearing upon gardening, classified on the basis of landscape art and design, cultivation, birds and insects, trees, wild flowers, travel, and botany, each title being followed by a brief note of characterization. The works selected are of sufficiently non-technical sort to be of use to the amateur, and vary from more or less specific studies to general books of travel and description. Altogether it is a useful little book that Miss Evans has put out.

WHAT TREE IS THAT? By *E. G. Cheyney*. Appleton. $2.

HOW TO IDENTIFY ORIENTAL RUGS. By *Frida Wolfe* and *A. T. Wolfe*. Harpers. $5.

OUTLINES OF ACCOUNTING. By *William S. Krebs*. Vol. II. Holt. $5.

ARTIFICIAL SILK. By *Thomas Woodhouse*. Pitman. $2.

SOVIET UNION YEAR-BOOK. 1927. Edited by *A. A. Santalov* and *Louis Segal*. London: Allen & Unwin.

DEMONIALITY. By *Ludovico Maria Sinistrari*. Translated by *Montague Summers*. London: Fortune Press.

GUGGENHEIM. By *Dorothy Disney* and *Milton Mackaye*. A. & C. Boni. $1.75.

THE WILD GARDENS OF OLD CALIFORNIA. By *Charles Francis Saunders*. Santa Barbara: Wallace Hebberd.

BOWS AND ARROWS. By *James Duff*. Macmillan. $2.

CEREMONIES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE. By *H. P. Stokes*. Cambridge University Press.

ORES AND INDUSTRY IN THE FAR EAST. By *H. Foster Bain*, Council on Foreign Relations.

HOME AND HEALTH IN A NEW LAND. By *Edith M. Garretson*. Scribners. $1.

THE HISTORY OF CONTEMPT OF COURT. By *Sir John C. Fox*. Oxford University Press. $6.

NATURE TRAILS. By *Dietrich Lange*. Appleton. $2.

CAPTAINS OF THE WATCH OF LIFE AND DEATH. By *Mabel Osgood Wright*. Macmillan. $2.50.

KINGSHIP. By *A. M. Hocart*. Oxford University Press. $4.25.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MURDER. By *Andreas Bjerre*. Longmans, Green. $3.50.

Poetry

THE IDEA OF A COLLEGE. By CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER.

QUINCIBALD IN MEDIOCRIA. By LEONARD BACON. (Oration and Poem delivered at Yale University on the 150th anniversary of the Society of Phi Beta Kappa). New Haven: Yale University Press. 1927. $1.

This book between paper covers was published for graduates and undergraduates of Yale College as a record of the proceedings of its Society of Phi Beta Kappa, in memory of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of this fraternity in America. Professor Tinker's oration is a plea for a unified college course. "Progress in this direction," he says, "is hardly possible for those universities which are the creation and property of the people and, inevitably, under the control of legislative bodies. But the New England college has at any time the right to look to the rock whence it was hewn." He asks for more attention to origins and ideals, for a guided progress, and calls attention to the motto of the Society before which he is speaking, which, translated, signifies "Philosophy, the Pilot of Life."

Mr. Bacon's poem, in a measure he has evolved for himself, is the fantastic tale of a person, *alias* Quincibald, "delivered to the joyless contemplation of chimæras in the void," who descends in a trance into the visionary domain of Mediocria, encountering first the chained Prometheus and the "detestable macaw," symbolic bird of sophistry and intellectual buncombe, that hovers over him. Prometheus enjoins Quincibald to seek laughter, and is suddenly freed from his bondage himself by contemplating in Quincibald "the absurdity of man." The latter next "meets up with" Uncle Remus and Bre'r Rabbit, then with Sir Isaac Newton, whose "scientific cat" causes the Macaw to shrivel and fade, then the great Julius Cæsar who warns against brainless men not to be trusted, then the insurgent Aphrodite, and finally Shakespeare and a full chorus of humanity, including Lewis Carroll, James Branch Cabell, Bryan, Torquato Tasso, Disraeli, Ariosto riding aback the Cardinal of Este, Doctor Freud punching unconsciousnesses "beneath their various belts," Burns, Sidney, and Tam O'Shanter,

And Socrates ran shaking up the hemlock
in a Florentine decanter,

while Matthew Arnold was dancing a fandango with the late Queen Victoria. The faëry piping that is only heard through the tumult and dirt of Mediocria accompanied the throng. And Quincibald

thought about the idiocy of thinking, and
irrational sublime
Humor that escapes from the prosaic in a
laugh or in a rhyme. . . .

So, at length, Quincibald burst out laughing at his own asininity, drawn close to the others by theirs, and decided to take for his ensign "the ass triumphant."

Therefore he laughed when unto him with
nickering from the valley beneath
Came the ass plodding up through
Mediocria with a palm-leaf in its teeth.

CAPRICIOUS WINDS. By HELEN BIRCH BARTLETT. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $2.

This is a posthumous volume of the poems of a poet who was a musician and to whom life was more than art. It bears an appreciative biographical note by Janet A. Fairbank and an appreciation of Mrs. Bartlett's poetry by Harriet Monroe. Keen was this poet's love of life and keen her observation of it within a limited range. Free verse she handled musically, deftly. There is a weird power in "Laughing in the Moonlight," a bitter power in "The Earth Cry." The poems generally entitled "Lola in Silverpoint" are decoratively macabre, and "Lola Coquette" is possessed of the intensity that makes a strong impression. "The Tallahassee Limited" and "Shadows on the Shoji" are chiefly visual impressions, first of the South, next of Japan. Mrs. Bartlett could paint a delicate and a vivid picture of what she saw or could delineate it in robust lines. There was much talent latent here. To be sure, her own individuality is not stamped indelibly upon these poems. Quite a number of poets of the day write as well and in the same general manner. Mrs. Bartlett was a minor poet who, in several of her poems most intensely felt, gave promise of greater things. A sensitive temperament and evidently fine mind, more occupied with experience than its expression, left us these footnotes to a life, conveying ardor and sympathy.

THE SEA AND THE DUNES. By HARRY KEMP. Brentano's. 1926. $2.

In this new book of poems, pleasingly illustrated by Frank Dobias, Harry Kemp, though radical in many of his theories, continues to write in the poetic tradition of English verse. A portion of his book deals with the background of Cape Cod. In couplets, in the sonnet form, in various measures he occasionally strikes out memorable phrases. His love for the sea is genuine. He deals also with Helen, with Catullus, with Don Juan, with intimacies of death. Such poems as "The Impossible Tryst" and "The Unicorn" flare with imagination. His short poems that partake of the didactic are expressed with an intensity and forcefulness alien to much of the verse one reads today. He achieves truly dramatic effects with a direct and simple style. There is nothing at all difficult or abstruse about Harry Kemp's poetry. On the one hand he does not impress as a sorcerer of language, but on the other he proves his ability to say well what he has set out to say. Sometimes he falls upon platitude, but there is always a clean, workmanlike quality about his verse.

DARK PAVILION. By LINDLEY WILLIAMS HUBBELL. Yale University Press. 1927. $1.25.

"Barren Episode" in this book is a sonnet that might almost be an incident in a Booth Tarkington book about young people, inclosed in that form. It is one of the poems in the book that stands out. It has in it the guarded pathos of youth with a trace of the ridiculous. Most of these poems might be characterized as similar barren episodes in a being of somewhat larger growth,

Somnambulistic, silent as a tree;
Forever seeking and forever balked;
With will unbated, arrogant to confess
The body's torment and the mind's distress.

The lines quoted will assure of Mr. Hubbell's ability to express himself. It is what he has to express that makes his book a gray monotony. Does he occasionally, in the managing of a cadence, take a cue from the later Yeats? It seems to us that we have observed it. But the quiet disillusion of, for instance, "Forgive Me" and "You Will Remember," is admirable. The restrained bitterness of "The Ballad of the Dark Brother" is good, and here and there occurs throughout the book some notable phrasing. This poetry is all in minor key. Its virtue resides in a fining down of the substance to convey, in most cases, with the greatest economy of means the implication. Rather often, however, the implication is trite or slight. The book strikes us as a whole as the painful expression of a personality at least spiritually somewhat inhibited.

THE WOMEN AT POINT SUR. By *Robinson Jeffers*. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

THE PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVICES. Edited by *Hyder E. Rollins*. Harvard University Press. $7.50.

IDLE HOURS. By *Henry B. Wilkinson*. Hitchcock. $2.

Religion

THE PROFITS OF RELIGION. By *Upton Sinclair*. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

ENGLISH MODERNISM. By *H. A. D. Major*. Harvard University Press. $2.50.

THE CREATOR SPIRIT. By *Charles E. Raven*. Harvard University Press. $2.50.

THE BOOK OF DANIEL. By *James A. Montgomery*. Scribners. $4.50.

SPIRITUAL VALUES AND ETERNAL LIFE. By *Harry Emerson Fosdick*. Harvard University Press. $1 net.

THE GATES OF HADES. By *Rev. William Edward Clark*. Published by the author, 1918: Franklin Street, Springfield, Mass. 50 cents.

Science

KERNELS OF THE UNIVERSE. By *C. B. Bazzoni*. Doran.

PLANT AUTOGRAPHS AND THEIR REVELATIONS. By *Sir J. C. Bose*. Macmillan.

THE NEXT AGE OF MAN. By *Albert Edward Wiggam*. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

H. F., Mankato, Minn., has a section of his library called "The Inferno," an assortment of horrible stories. He recently purchased for this "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," by Hans Heinz Ewers (John Day), of which he says "the brutal frankness was delightful." Now he wants a list of novels and stories of crime or cruelty, modern or medieval, and asks what is the most horrible story I have read.

FROM a memory overcrowded with much fiction I can collect such horror stories as I have read just by the sick recoil of my mind at certain titles. For instance, at "The Magician," by Somerset Maugham (Doran), my memory shudders back from a vision of a laboratory with monsters in various stages of development, amorphous growths in vats, home-brewed humanities. This is all I can recall of the plot, but it's enough. I recover Hugh Walpole's "Portrait of a Man With Red Hair" (Doran), by the couple of pages that I literally read with my eyes shut. That is, when the torture reached a certain pitch I screwed up my lids and turned pages until I felt safe to take up the tale. But then I did this once before, and with a novel of a much milder sort; I have never read all of the chapter describing the company dinner in Booth Tarkington's "Alice Adams" (Doubleday, Page). As soon as I realized what that awful meal was sure to be and to do, I shuffled over the pages to a point where I felt it would by that time be over, and to this day I don't know just what befell at that grisly table. I never before admitted this weakness save to the Librarian of the Indianapolis Public Library, Mr. Charles Rush, while he was taking me about that city on the trail of Tarkington-ia; he proved to be, so far as I have learned, the only other person who had done precisely the same thing. Why, there are even people who find this heart-rending chapter funny!

If anyone desires to know just what is meant by the phrase "hung, drawn, and quartered," and is willing to take it in French, there is a detailed, strictly authentic, and completely sickening description of the execution of a regicide in Henri Béraud's "Vitriol de Lune," one of the most brilliant historical novels of our day. It appeared the year before the author won the Goncourt Prize with an insignificant novelette, and the award really included this one. Hans Heinz Ewers apparently cannot resist curdling the blood of his readers, even in so unlikely a book for it as "The Ant People" (Dodd, Mead), an entomological work for the general reader. In this are two episodes, both about being eaten alive by ants, that should keep it out of the way of an imaginative child. Not that it was written for children—though the jacket rather looks so—and it is certainly written with vigor.

Most readers would make Bram Stoker's "Dracula" (Doubleday, Page), their first choice for a horror-story. Sooner or later the experience of reading "Dracula" straight through from dusk to dawn falls to the lot of every mortal who reads English; if it has not yet fallen to yours, you might as well procure a copy, brew a large pot of coffee, and get it over. It is the only story of this type that may be reread several times—at long intervals—with much the same thrills in the same places. This reminds me, it is about time to go through it again and see if I still react properly to Dracula crawling straight down the castle wall—*head first.*

I like my horrors brought reg'lar and draw'd mild; my own choice for first place is Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes's "The Lodger" (now in Grosset's), in which the secret of the Ripper Murders is if not solved at least plausibly intimated. But in this extraordinary study the actual crimes play on the outskirts of the action and the real mystery lurks in dark corners of the human heart. There have been several breathless and goosefleshy stories of the present season, of which Reginald Wright Kaufmann's "Blindman" (Duffield), is the best—or worst. This has the peculiarly atrocious feature of a blind murderer—Dickens knew how to get the last black drop out of this—who is suddenly revealed as seeing all the time. "Footsteps in the Night," by C. Fraser-Simson (Dutton), is distinctly creepy, but no story with such amusing conversation or with such a nice young woman in it could go into a chamber of horrors. It is one of those relentless-pursuit stories, where the villain is always popping out from the unexpected and laying hands on the papers. "Find the Clock," by Harry Stephen Keller (Dutton), is another creepy crime-story with an excellent background of newspaper life in Chicago; I put it in to keep detective-story collectors in touch with latest developments, rather than to figure in an "inferno." The last couple of chapters of James R. Franklin's "In the Path of the Storm" (Dutton), do qualify for this list; it begins quietly enough, in the mountains of Virginia not far from Staunton, and shows a sure sense of realities in mountaineer life and character; besides several festivities there are a number of ballads. But with a leading woman such a malignant minx as this one there is bound to be trouble, and just before the end the story tears its clothes and goes into violent hysterics. These four are only tentatively offered to *H. F.*, whose collection seems to be more on the gruesome side.

Murder-stories are of course another matter altogether. Your really good murder should be described demurely, as by Edmund Lester Pearson—though even he gives way and curdles your blood in spite of himself in the opening tale of "Murder at Smutty Nose" (Doubleday, Page). But then there is something peculiarly hair-raising in the idea of crime on an island. But in general the geniuses in murder stories, from Poe to Pearson, deal with them coolly and in a spirit of detachment, in which spirit the reader is made to share. This scientific attitude is to be expected in the work of the late Professor Andreas Bjerre, "The Psychology of Murder" (Longmans), of which I spoke in advance of publication—so far in advance that several impatient correspondents have been asking after it. It is here at last, after more than one postponement, and provides the thoughtful with a careful study of the psychic states of certain types of killers; the judicious may ponder its reports on conversion in prison.

M. E. R., New Orleans, La., asks for a book of Bible stories that will interest a five-year-old boy; one with colored pictures.

"THE CHILDREN'S BIBLE" (Scribner), translated and arranged by H. A. Sherman and C. F. Kent, has beautiful color plates and its selections from the Old and New Testaments are abridged and somewhat modernized in vocabulary, whereas "The Bible for Young People" (Century), arranged by Mrs. J. B. Gilder from the King James Version, is almost altogether in Biblical language; the pictures are from famous paintings but not in color. "The Bible Story," retold by William Canton (Doran), is a continuous narrative so arranged that it could be read aloud to children as a series of stories; in this there are many colored pictures. "When the King Came" (Houghton Mifflin), is a book of stories retold from the four Gospels by George Hodges, with unusually good color plates, by Frank Pape. All these are intended for family use through older children; for very young children there is "The Little Children's Bible," (Macmillan) to be read aloud before the age of seven, and in the Macmillan "Little Library" a tiny volume that might be used for first reading as well as reading aloud, Mary Rolt's "A Baby's Life of Jesus Christ."

In practice, a Bible story book for older children may be easily adapted to very little ones, and usually is. One of the most convincing versions of the Prodigal Son parable that I have heard was one that wrung the hearts of a family under five by translating into their own language "wasted his substance with riotous living" as "and he broke *all* his toys, until he had *no* toys at *all*."

My typewriter needed cleaning; it now distinguishes nines from zeros, but last week it misled the composing room into giving the address of the Continental Typefounders Association as West 49th Street, when it is really 248 West 40th Street, N. Y. They say they will supply any information needed by readers of the department concerning European types not yet imported; they have a large library of European type specimens.

H. G. K., New York, asks for a text that treats rather fully the meaning and usage of words.

THE wording of the question suggests that rumors of Fowler's "Dictionary of Modern English Usage" (Oxford University Press) have reached this inquirer. This is one of the most vivacious books for its weight that I have met; Fowler is so charged with energy that when he comes in contact with a misuse he goes off into such a shower of brilliancies that you can trace his progress down a page like a trolley along an icy wire.

There is, however, no scarcity of fascinating books about words, if the subject of words is fascinating to you at all. Ernest Weekley's "The Romance of Words" came last January in a new edition from Dutton; its history is heartening. It was first published in 1912; since then (the Great War intervening) it has been six times reprinted. The method I use in enjoying this work is to take any word in the index and use it for a starting-point. Then there are Weekley's other books, "Surnames," "The Romance of Names," and "Words Ancient and Modern," all published by Dutton, not to mention a dictionary that I am reputed to mention about every so often whether anyone asks for it or not. There is the famous earlier work, R. C. Trench's "On the Study of Words," now in Everyman's, Greenough and Kittredge's "Words and Their Ways in English Speech" (Macmillan), and a scientific study by Dr. George H. McKnight of the Ohio State University, of "English Words and Their Background" (Appleton), that is both scholarly and entertaining. There is "The Growth and Structure of the English Language," by the great philologist Jens Jesperson (Appleton), T. R. Lounsbury's celebrated "History of the English Language" (Holt), and two delightful books by Logan Pearsall Smith, "The English Language," in the Home University Library, and "Words and Idioms" (Houghton Mifflin). For the special study of Americanisms there is, in addition to Mencken's vast volume on "The American Language" (Knopf), George Philip Krapp's even larger (two-volume) "The English Language in America" (Century), which has in addition to its comprehensive treatment of dialects, style, spelling, pronunciation, and so on, an important bibliography for the student. With either of these may be used the list of 3,000 genuine and alleged Americanisms in Gilbert M. Tucker's "American English" (Knopf).

C. J. S., (no address) asks for the name of the novel by d'Annunzio containing an appreciation of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" so remarkable that he remembered the excerpts quoted by Lawrence Gilman from it in his Philadelphia Orchestra program notes some years ago, though he forgot the title of the book. He calls it "the most beautiful description of a musical work that I have ever seen in literature."

MR. GILMAN replies that the novel is "The Triumph of Death," and that the English version that he quoted in the Philadelphia Orchestra's program notes was based on the translation of Arthur Hornblow.

H. W. R., New Haven, Conn., asks if there are editions of German classics with text on one side and on the other side a translation, books that do for the best-known works in German what the Loeb Classical Library does for Latin and Greek.

THE Department of Germanic Languages, Columbia University, to whom I referred this inquiry, say that they do not know of any edition of the German classics on the style of the Loeb Library.

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GOOD BOOKS

The Phoenix Nest

WE have seen in the window of Putnam's book store across the street from our eyrie certain pages of the manuscript of *Colonel Lindbergh's* "We" displayed with an exhibit of what the book is to be. The manuscript was evidently in long-hand. Well, we certainly hand it to the Colonel, for being able to get together a book about himself in the short space allowed him in the midst of multifold receptions and glorifications! Doubtless he must have had a certain amount of assistance, but the production of any sort of a book under the circumstances still remains a feat. . . .

We doff our chapeau to an old friend, till lately the dean of American dramatic critics, *J. Ranken Towse* of the *New York Evening Post.* After years of devoted service manifesting a high integrity, Mr. Towse has retired from the stricken field of drama and intends spending the years of his honorable retirement in England, his native land. The well-wishing of all who knew him accompanies him on his voyage. . . .

In a recent story in *Liberty* we ran across the following,

> He'd never heard of Vachel Lindsay. He didn't know Christopher Morley from Christopher Marlowe, because for him neither had ever existed.

But, if either had, and he had run across the recent scholarly investigations into the Death of *Christopher Marlowe*, he would have realized that Marlowe also went under the name of *Morley* in his time. In the same story the man who *does* know *Lindsay's* poetry and quotes from "The Congo," turns out to be not "a college man with a wealthy aristocratic family," but "the fellow who had robbed a cigar store on Seventh Avenue. He was crazy about Anatole France, too," says the author, "but he had carelessly killed the cigar clerk. . . ." Well, the next time you catch us going into a United or a Schulte's with a book in our hand! . . .

A new volume of poetry by *Robinson Jeffers* will be hailed as an event. "The Women at Point Sur" is the new one (Boni & Liveright). This is Jeffers's longest poem, though he has written some good long ones. It fills the whole book. We admire Mr. Jeffers's work for many qualities, but it seems to us emphatically full of sexual hysteria, though it has more drive and intensity than most of the poetry written today. His "The Tower Beyond Tragedy" remains to us his most striking work, though portions of "The Roan Stallion" are astonishing. . . .

For the first time we have got a copy of "Uncle Silas" by *Sheridan Le Fanu* (pronounced lefnew) which the Oxford University Press has now added to its series of "The World's Classics." You can procure such another from them for eighty cents, and cheap at the price. This mystery and horror story was written in the 'sixties, and in England we heard high praise of it, particularly, that we remember, from *Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes.* Our copy bears an introduction by the *Montague R. James* who wrote the "Ghost Stories of an Antiquary" and other swell books of horror tales. Get hold of all the books of M. R. James's that you can beg, borrow, or steal. "Uncle Silas," Le Fanu's masterpiece, was written back in the 'sixties. It first appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine* for 1864. In *Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's* early "The Firm of Girdlestone," James tells us in his introduction, there was an adaptation, conscious or unconscious, of Le Fanu's plot. We remember reading "The Firm of Girdlestone" absorbedly as a boy. To sum up, James says of "Uncle Silas,"

> There are not many stories which succeed in creating and in sustaining with the right intensity the atmosphere of mystery and the *crescendo* of impending doom, and whose *dramatis personae* are at the same time so remote and so easily realized.

We are in receipt of *The Harp: A Poetry Magazine,* published bi-monthly by *Leslie Wallace* of Larned, Kansas, and edited by *Ray Williams Ward* of Belpre, Kansas. There is some good work in the numbers we have perused, by the late *Amy Lowell, George Sterling, Clement Wood, Genevieve Taggard,* and others. *The Lyric West* is another little poetry magazine, (editors: *Dr.* and *Mrs. Allison Gaw,* published at 3551 University Avenue, Los Angeles, California), that often contains interesting work. . . .

T. Morris Longstreth, author of "The Laurentians," "The Lake Superior Country," and other books about the Northwest (Century) was recently tendered a party by the Northwest Mounted Police because he had written so much about them. No, it was not a necktie party!—quite on the contrary, it was the fruit of genuine gratitude, and the opening toast proposed by a grizzled old sergeant went this way:

> I hope you'll write something more about the Force, Sir, for you know more about us than any other living novelist or writer knows or will know. We admire your books and we all read them consistently.

Mark Twain remains a best-seller. Harper's states that about fifty thousand copies of "Huckleberry Finn" were sold last year. Pretty good work for a genial ghost! . . .

The Pleiad Press announce four limited editions for publication this year,—"The Admirable Crichtoun," taken from *Urquhart's* "Discovery of a Most Exquisite Jewel" (1652), with an introduction by *Hamish Miles;* "The Silver Book of English Sonnets," a selection from the lesser-known sonnets, by *Robert Lynd,* who also contributes an introduction; "The Affectionate Shepherd," by *Richard Barnfield,* reprinted from the original edition of 1597; and a translation by *Maurice Baring* of *Fantasio,* a short play by *Alfred de Musset.* Apply to Harper's for any further info. . . .

Arthur Hopkins is producing this fall a dramatization of *Louis Bromfield's* "The Green Bay Tree." It will be called "The House of Women." *Elsie Ferguson* will play the leading rôle. . . .

W. W. Norton & Company announce for the fall, *Bertrand Russell's* "Philosophy." They expect to issue the book to coincide with Mr. Russell's arrival in October for an extensive lecture tour. This is Mr. Russell's most thorough attempt to formulate his philosophy. . . .

Nancy Hoyt's new novel, "Unkind Star," is just out and we enjoyed it thoroughly. Miss Hoyt's writing has a great deal of charm and she has a remarkable gift for decorative detail. . . .

We hear that "Whatever We Do," by *Allan Updegraff,* which will be ready in October (John Day Company), is a rather riotous and extremely amusing novel laid in a Mediterranean village and featuring a handful of random American visitors. Mr. Updegraff is an extremely talented writer. He has published several novels before this and is a poet of parts. His work, it seems to us, has never received the recognition it deserves. . . .

transition (sic) again comes to us from Paris, containing, as usual, more *Joyce* and *Gertrude Stein,* but of interest for "The Gospel According to Judas," by *Ernest Sutherland Bates* and for an unpublished epic by *Alexander Pushkin* in translation. . . .

We are in receipt also of *Henry Justin Smith's* "Genius on Newspaper Row," number 30 of the *Chicago Daily News* Reprints. It is a pamphlet made of Mr. Smith's address delivered at the University of Chicago under the auspices of the *William Vaughn Moody* Foundation last spring. . . .

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

A BOOK FOR BEGINNERS

IN the course of a year this department receives many inquiries from readers just becoming interested in book collecting. They ask for information about bookish terms, about book values, how to begin collecting, and about the probability of money spent in making a collection proving a good investment. These inquiries, at certain times of the year, come in almost every mail, and it is not always possible to give them the full attention that we should like to have them receive.

John T. Winterich has written, and Greenberg, publisher, of this city, has published a book, "A Primer of Book Collecting," designed to answer just the questions that naturally rise in the mind of the book-lover just becoming interested in the fundamentals of book collecting. To the inquiring mind, in search of information on this subject and not knowing just where to find it, we recommend this book.

This volume is a 12mo, of 206 pages, well printed and bound, divided into two sections: Part 1, "The Quarry;" Part II, "The Chase." Part I is subdivided into four chapters: "First Editions," "Association Books," "What Makes a Rare Book," and "The Factor of Condition;" Part II, into three chapters: "The Mechanics of Collecting," "The Point of Pursuit," and "Dollars and Cents." In these seven chapters a very wide range of inquiries are anticipated, lucidly and frequently with apt and effective illustration. It furnishes, many times, just such information as we would like to give but do not have time to write in general correspondence.

The question, in recent weeks, has been asked over and over again, "If I should make a collection of first editions of some author, or on some interesting subject, would the expenditure likely prove to be a safe investment?" Now this is a natural inquiry for the would-be collector but it is an impossible one to give an intelligent answer to. Anticipating just such a rudimentary question, Mr. Winterich says:

"A man who considers books primarily as investments or speculations is not a collector. He is in the book business. Now the book business is as honorable a calling as the ministry, but a book dealer is not a book collector. He is, in fact, at the very opposite pole. He buys not to hoard, but to dispose of what he buys, and without waiting for a buoyant market. No man can serve two masters, and no wise man tries. But it is, I think, essentially sound for a collector to regard books as secondarily an investment. A man may be a good husband and a kind father and still view with satisfaction a steady rise in value of the land on which he has set a home. Unless a person feels a definite urge to collect books he had better collect something else. He should not collect books as merchandise. There are so many less wieldy things to gamble with, and will be while Wall Street endures and fifty-two cards constitute a deck."

Now this is good advice, wholesome and easy to understand. This admirable "Primer" answers scores of questions on all phases of the subject of collecting in this straightforward, illuminating and satisfactory way. It gives just the advice and information that the young collector needs and wants, and it will save him much time and money to own and read and reread this book until he has mastered it in all details. It will cost him only two dollars and will probably be the best investment that he is likely to make.

A NEW BOOK BY AMIEL

THE first volume of Henri Amiel's "Journal" was published at Geneva in 1882. Mrs. Humphry Ward's translation into English appeared three years later. It was soon discovered that the portion published was only a fragment, and it is said that the original manuscript, now in the care of Bernard Bouvier, contains 16,900 pages. Several years ago Mr. Bouvier edited three volumes of new selections, and now he has, with the assistance of Edmond Jaloux and Charles Bu Bos, published another substantial volume that should prove of very great interest to lovers or students of Amiel. It consists of portions of the "Journal which relates to Amiel's relation to women, and especially to one known as Philene." Jaloux, in his admirable introduction, reprints some of Philene's letters to Amiel and they breathe a passionate devotion to him. The publication of Prosper Merimée's "Letters to an Unknown" was a literary sensation in France, and it is said that this great love affair of Amiel's life is scarcely less interesting.

IMPORTANT MAGGS CATALOGUE

MAGGS BROTHERS of London, rare book dealers, have just issued Catalogue No. 491, "Australia and the South Seas," a bibliographical work in itself of unusual importance. It is a small quarto, of 292 pages, containing 650 items, beginning with 1478 and coming down to the present year. It has many full page illustrations consisting of facsimiles of rare title pages, prints, maps, views, and manuscripts. The titles and descriptions are full and accurate, and there are many long and scholarly notes. The items are arranged chronologically, and there is an index of authors and titles, and also a subject index. It is, also, a fine example of typography and printing and must be, for a long period, an important reference work on rare books relating to Australia and the South Seas.

GERMANY'S PRESS EXHIBITION

GERMANY is preparing to hold an International Press Exhibition at Cologne from May to October, 1928, and forty-nine countries have expressed their intention of participating. The exhibit is to be divided into twelve main divisions, the first dealing with the daily newspaper, treating of its historical development, the news service, modern advertising, and so on. Among other divisions will be those of the periodical, book printing, the organization of the press, press and traffic, press and art, press and advertising, and paper manufacture. This will be the first international exhibition of its kind and is sure to attract a great deal of attention. The indications already are that it will be a great success.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE Oxford University Press announces the publication of "Strawberry Hill Accounts," a record of expenditure in building, furnishing, etc., kept by Horace Walpole from 1747 to 1795, now printed from the original manuscript with notes and an index by Paget Toynbee.

Noel Douglas, of London, has just published the following additions to his Replica Series: Goldsmith's "The Deserted Village," from the edition of 1770; Ben Johnson's "The Alchemist," from the edition of 1612; also a new novel, "The Demon Lover," by Dion Fortune.

It is reported that an important discovery of letters written by and to Daniel Defoe has been made at an old manor house at Cleeve Prior, in Worcestershire, England. In addition to several of great literary interest by Defoe there are some very important letters by a Captain Bowry, a merchant adventurer. There are also several sheets of notes in reference to the island of Juan Ferrandez.

The members of the First Edition Club of London are holding an interesting exhibition consisting of a collection of 250 or more different volumes of typefounders' specimen books and broadsides issued up to 1827 only, and including English, German, Italian, French, Dutch, and Belgian examples. The club members, it is said, are becoming almost as much interested in the history of typography and fine printing as they are in first editions.

A bronze memorial to Washington Irving was unveiled on June 27 at Sunnyside Lane and Broadway, Irvington, near Sunnyside, the author's old home. The memorial, by Daniel Chester French, contains life size figures of two of Irving's greatest characters, Rip Van Winkle and Boabdil, the last king of Granada. Washington Irving, a great, great grandnephew of the author, unveiled the statue. Major George Haven Putnam, who as a boy knew Irving, was the principal speaker.

The first critical edition of "A Paradise of Dainty Devices," an anthology of typical Elizabethan verse compiled by Richard Edwards and published in 1576, is to be issued by Mr. Milford for Harvard University Press. It has been edited by Professor Hyder E. Rollins, who has annotated and collated the nine available texts, and dealt fully in his introduction with the history of the collection and its contributing poets.

"Maecenas," a new directory of collectors with hobbies of all kinds, edited and published by Dr. Joachim Stern of Berlin, covers various countries of Europe as well as those on this side of the Atlantic. The volume contains some 600 pages and 50,000 addresses of institutions and private individuals interested in a great variety of things such as paintings, ivories, ceramics, furniture, tapestries, books, and other similar lines.

The fiction prize of the French Academy was recently awarded to Joseph Kessel for his Les Coeurs Purs, under which title three novels, "Marie de Cork," "Makhno et sa Juive," and "Le Thé du Capitaine Slogoub," were united. Kessel has for some time been regarded as one of the outstanding novelists of France.

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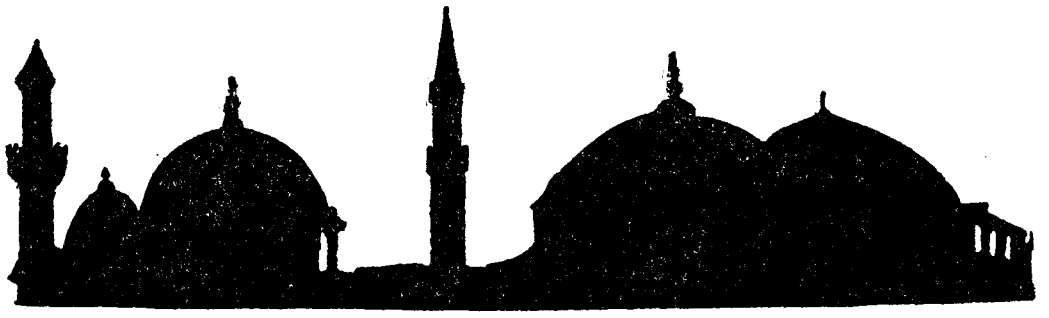

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